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CAN WAR BE OUTLAWED?

I—A LAW TO END WAR

SALMON OLIVER LEVINSON

THREE aims are comprised in the program advocated by the American Committee for the Outlawry of War: first, the codification of international law; second, the inclusion of a clause in the code making the resort to arms a crime against civilization; and third, the clothing of the international court with affirmative jurisdiction to hear and decide all purely international controversies. The chairman of the Committee here succinctly summarizes the arguments for such a program.

UNTIL very recent times, war was regarded as the positive state of civilization and peace merely the negative. The familiar aphorism well expressed the current of thought: In time of peace, prepare for war. Thus the main official function of the interval of peace was to prepare for the next inevitable war. But in the last one hundred and fifty years sporadic efforts have been made to curb, regulate, and minimize wars. The theory of a balance of power was to keep two groups of nations so nearly equal that neither would go to war for fear of the other. It is almost comical to find a general belief for decades that the balance of power really preserved international peace, and that human tigers were held in check by equality of numbers and strength.

Many noble men outlined plans for the avoidance of war and numerous peace societies were organized in the nineteenth century. These efforts culminated in the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, and the belief was common that the area of wars had been largely limited, their frequency diminished, their likelihood curtailed, and their cruelties humanized. Thus, we ap-

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proached the Great War of 1914, confident, first, that war would be averted, that its scope would be sharply confined, that its conduct would be humane and that the rights of civilians with respect to life and property would be protected and safeguarded. We lived through the greatest war of all time and watched one by one all the theories of controlling warfare give way to the arbitrary will of military necessity or the unloosed passion for victory and destruction; we saw the rights of civilians, supposedly immune by law, trampled upon by the devil's hoofs of distorted facts, or nullified by the vicious exceptions to the rules of war which destroy all international law.

During the war various new peace organizations were formed, particularly in this country and in England. Probably the overwhelming majority of people believed that war was a permanent institution in civilization and that the only road to improvement was to make war less frequent and less severe by dint of conferences, leagues, and declarations. New phrases were invented, and new opiates prepared for the people to relieve them of the pain of war until the next one came.

But there were others who, in their study and comparison of successive wars, believed that war was such a monster that it could not be regulated or controlled, and that if it were to remain as an agency for the settlement of international disputes it must be reckoned with as an institution constantly increasing in severity and destructiveness. In short, a way must be found to rid civilization of war, or war would dominate and ultimately destroy civilization. It seemed to us that the Hague Conferences did absolutely nothing to stop the coming of the Great War or to moderate its severity.

The study of the history of war and peace led to the following important conclusions which constitute a statement of the salient features of the theory of the Outlawry of War:

First: All wars between nations are and always have been legal. Such wars have never been made unlawful by treaty or pronouncement of international law since the dawn of history. The legality of international war is the fatal defect in the fabric of our civilization. It is unlawful and criminal for an individual to kill another, but it is perfectly lawful for a sovereign or a government to cause the death of ten million individuals. Here

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again we are victims of traditional aphorisms: "The king can do no wrong,"—therefore, the king can arbitrarily put anybody to death he sees fit. "Sovereignty (that is, government) is above all law." The belief has been general and has been carefully fostered by the war offices, imperialists, and militarists that the sovereignty of a nation must be kept inviolate, its powers unimpaired, and its rights unlimited. This is strange again because the people create the government, and yet have no control over that sovereignty, once created. We must face these wicked fallacies or we shall never get rid of war.

The legality of international war is strikingly shown when compared with a war of liberation, commonly called revolutionary war. A war of liberation is illegal, is criminal,—to wit, high treason,—whereas a war of aggression or conquest is perfectly lawful. Washington, Madison, and Hamilton had to incur the felonious risk of high treason, but a Napoleon or a Kaiser in instituting war is guilty of no crime known to international law.

Second: No attempt has been made to codify international law, which, of course, should be based upon equality and justice between nations. Indeed, all attempts to codify have been choked off. The last effort was by Mr. Root, who was invited to sit with the Committee of Jurists in Europe in 1920. He proposed such a code. Lord Balfour, however, came to the rescue of old world diplomacy and prevented its adoption, giving as his reason that the world is not sufficiently advanced to live under the reign of law.

The code should have as its basic principle the outlawing of war, that is, making the use of war for the settlement of international disputes a crime against civilization. Civilization has discovered but two ways to *compel* the settlement of human disputes, one by law and one by war. In international controversies the resort to war has always been open and lawful. As under the Constitution of Germany, the Kaiser had the sole right to declare war, and as war is a perfectly legal international institution, talk of indicting or hanging the Kaiser for starting the war was both absurd and mere political clap-trap.

Under our plan, codification would be comparatively simple. It would be a code of peace and not of war, once war is outlawed.

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This would take away from the bulk of international law perhaps three-quarters of its present contents. A frequent objection raised to the program for outlawing war is the enormous time and difficulty in codifying international law. But it took only several months to prepare the entire Constitution of the United States, and it would seem, therefore, with war eliminated, that the making of the code would be greatly simplified. For, as Woolsey in his great work on International Law says, 1886 Ed., Sec. 114: "International law assumes that there must be war and fighting among nations and endeavors to lay down rules by which they shall be brought within the limit of justice and humanity."

The analogy of duelling, or individual war, is most persuasive. Duelling was kept going as a legal institution for hundreds of years, and codes were prepared and changed from time to time. Finally the simple discovery was made that the way to get rid of duelling was to condemn it by law,—to call it by its right name, murder, and thus to outlaw it. Thereupon, duelling as an institution ceased and codes of duelling became museum exhibits.

Third: As a matter of fact, there has been but one real international court set up in the progress of time. The Hague Court of Arbitration, organized in 1899, is a purely arbitral tribunal; it possesses no inherent power to hear any case and during all its existence has had to sit with folded arms until both sides condescend to give it jurisdiction. This judicial helplessness was clearly demonstrated in the dispute between Serbia and Austria-Hungary in 1914 when Serbia appealed to the "Court" for relief. More recently the League of Nations has created an additional tribunal called the Permanent Court of International Justice. The greatest possible blare of trumpets heralding this "Court" has been heard, but in fact it also lacks the essential elements of an effective court. It is just as much an arbitral tribunal as the existing Hague Tribunal. The only real difference between them is that the League Court has a permanent panel of Judges so that the court can hear a case whenever the parties consent, whereas in the Hague Tribunal selection must be made from an existing panel of about one hundred and thirty-five Judges.

But the League Court possesses no inherent power to hear or decide any controversy between nations unless they both consent.

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For example, recently in a controversy between Finland and Russia the League wished its Court to give an advisory legal opinion on the subject. Russia, not being a member of the League, the Council assumed that its Court would render such an opinion because Finland, a member, gave its consent. But the Court held that even in such a situation it could not give a mere advisory opinion unless Russia consented, which she did not do. This is judicial child's play. And, of course, we have just seen Italy, herself a member of the Council, snap her fingers at the effort of the Council of the League to take jurisdiction under Article 15 of the Covenant to hear the Greek controversy or to refer it to the League Court. Then our international breath was taken away by the unheard-of spectacle of Italy exacting from helpless Greece fifty million lire for damages before the case was heard, before the liability of Greece was pronounced, and before the amount of damages was ascertained. This is judicial mockery, pure and simple.

In this connection attention should be called to the fact that the excellent suggestions of Mr. Root that would have clothed the League Court with jurisdiction and codified international law were both rejected. The third suggestion of Mr. Root was adopted. It related to the election of the Judges for the League Court and did not interfere with the theory of the League. Thus, the traditional dominance of the larger powers, as fixed by the League, was not impaired. For the League created the dominant Executive Council for the larger nations and allowed each of the small nations to become members of the practically powerless Assembly. This treatment of Mr. Root's proposals is of vital significance. Professor Hudson in his recent debate at Boston with Doctor Dewey said: "Always in the modern world we have been confronted in our efforts at international organization with the conflict between the political dogma of state equality on the one hand and the political fact of the hegemony of the great powers on the other hand."

In plain English, this means that some of the smaller nations are impudent enough to ask for a basis of equality in judicial procedure with the large nations, whereas the large nations insist upon their traditional advantages. This point marks another essential distinction between the program for the Outlawry of

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War and all others yet suggested. We are trying to provide judicial machinery for the hearing and disposition, upon a basis of absolute equality, of the disputes that inevitably will arise between the nations. We claim that when San Domingo comes into court against Great Britain, San Domingo should stand on an exact parity with Great Britain so far as justice and right are concerned. Ours is not a political scheme whereby through balances of power and spheres of influence, the world is controlled, rights are gobbled up, and territories annexed, so that we may get "peace with honor," or some other fine phrase that means the sacrifice of helpless smaller countries.

On this vital point we base our program upon the model of the founders of our Republic. After the Constitution had otherwise been framed, the question arose as to what would happen in the event of a controversy between two of the sovereign units among the thirteen "jealous, jarring, and perverse" states. They desired to abolish war, but what could be done with such a controversy? It was finally decided to clothe the United States Supreme Court with original and exclusive jurisdiction to hear all such disputes, the sovereign states waiving their immunity from suit for the sake of peace and bestowing upon this one great tribunal the power to summon the disputant states and to hear and decide the merits of the controversies. No power was given to the Federal Supreme Court to enforce its decrees except that the states themselves agreed to abide by and carry out such decisions as a part of their adhesion to the Constitution.

The makers of the Constitution knew that the physical enforcement of a decree against a state meant war, or the exact equivalent of war. As their object was to get rid of war, that could not be accomplished by utilizing war as a method of enforcement, even though the euphemistic word "sanction" was employed. Eighty-six cases have been heard by our Supreme Court involving controversies between the sovereign states, and for one hundred and thirty-five years judicial adjustments have been peaceably made and resorts to violence averted. So with the nations. If one of the existing tribunals could be transformed into a real court, with powers similar to that of our Federal Supreme Court over our sovereign states, with a code of peace covering the controversies that arise between the nations,

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the war problem could be solved by merely following in the footsteps of the greatest judicial experiment in the history of mankind.

For before our Federal Supreme Court every litigant stands equal, Rhode Island the same as Massachusetts, New York, or Texas. The great mind of John Stuart Mill saw the true inwardness of our experiment, and in 1861 he wrote: "The usual remedies between nations, war and diplomacy, being precluded by the Federal Union of the United States, it is necessary that a judicial remedy should supply their place. The Supreme Court of the United States dispenses international law, and is the first great example of what is now one of the most permanent wants of civilized society, a real international tribunal."

Fourth: The program for Outlawry of War could be largely effected by a general treaty among the nations agreeing to abolish the institution of war as the method of settling international disputes, arranging a convention for the codification of international law with the illegality of war as its major premise, and creating a court, or utilizing one of the existing courts with proper changes, and conferring upon it jurisdiction over the controversies of the nations, similar to that enjoyed by our Federal Supreme Court over the disputes of our sovereign states. The method of outlawing war by treaty shows its simplicity of execution, for treaties have practically never needed sanctions or means of enforcement. A smaller state cannot enforce a treaty against a larger state, and therefore, treaties have necessarily depended for their enforcement upon the good faith and the moral obligation of the nations involved. It has practically only been in time of war that treaties have been violated, and it is always attempted to justify these violations upon the recognized doctrines of military necessity, retaliation, and reprisal,—doctrines so vicious and uncontrollable that when invoked, as they were many times during the Great War, they destroy all treaties and all sense of humanity.

Fifth: One of the many fallacies that obtain in war and peace thinking is that you cannot get rid of war until you remove the causes of war. This objection is used to show that the plan to outlaw war is idealistic and therefore of no practical value. As a matter of fact, it is impracticable to get rid of the causes of war

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and no substantial progress has ever been made in that regard. Certain it is that with all the efforts that have been made towards reducing the severity of war, the last war was the worst of all time and therefore the progress we have been making, if progress it may be called, is backward and not forward. If the plan of our critics had been used with reference to duelling we would not have outlawed duelling until the causes of duelling had been removed. Now as a matter of fact, not a single, solitary cause of duelling has ever been removed to this day. More than that, not a solitary cause of duelling can ever be removed until human nature is utterly transformed from what we know it to be.

The causes of war are in a similar category. People do not agree as to what the causes of war are, and views on this subject are as discordant as they are numerous. In fact, the real causes of war are seldom disclosed, but are hidden under the pseudonym of "non-justiciable" causes,—that is, matters affecting the national honor or the vital interests of a nation. To attempt to remove such subtle, manipulated, diplomatic, and surreptitious "causes of war" is really to shut our eyes to the real difficulty. Causes of duelling will be removed when the era of brotherly love has arrived full-panoplied, and identically the same may be said for the causes of war. The great "cause" of the present horrible plight of the world, particularly in Europe, is the infernal institution of war. That is the "cause" we must get rid of, namely, the right of a nation legally to go to war and to involve the world in agony, death, and destruction. Unless and until war is put under the condemnation of law, no possible progress can be made towards its removal from the future annals of civilization.

The will of the people, particularly in Anglo-Saxon civilization, is expressed by the declaration of law.

Perhaps ninety-five per cent of the people of the civilized world are against the institution of war. Let this moral sentiment be crystallized into the form of international law condemning and outlawing war, and the greatest possible improvement in civilization will have been made. Let the people exercise the power God has given them.

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II—A PHRASE TO END WAR!

JESSE SIDDALL REEVES

INSUPERABLE obstacles stand in the way of any plan to make war a crime, replies Professor Reeves, who points out that the nations are resorting more to arbitration and eliminating such traditional "causes" of war as dynastic succession and religious intolerance. How can we distinguish between wars of aggression and wars of defense, he asks, and how enforce the decisions of a court, passing the sentence of outlawry, even provided universal consent to its function could be obtained?

NO DOUBT there is something fascinating in the phrase "Outlawry of War." It focuses all of one's moral indignation against the scourge of humanity. It attaches to man's cooperative inhumanity to man a superlative condemnation. It bespeaks the abolition of war in terms of maximum reprobation. It expresses a moral judgment suffused with an emotional content with which to a greater or less degree all concur, and all great moral judgments are saturated with an emotional content and must be, if they are to lead to action. No one need argue that war is a loathsome expedient, that it is wasteful and destructive of spiritual and moral values as well as physical and material goods, and that it is more often than not only with frightful irony called an instrument of justice.

International war has unfortunately been the price too often paid for the attainment of security through government within the state, as wars of revolution have been the price paid for the attainment of justice and liberty within it. Whence arises the basic question of all pacifist argument: Is, or is not, war the greatest of human ills, the evil of evils? If the answer be Yes in all circumstances, under all conditions, then the claim of the state upon its members fails, the right of revolution fails, and there remains the individual, single and alone, passive and non-resistant. If the answer be No, it is then admitted that in some circumstances war may be the less of two evils and it becomes necessary to examine closely to see when and in what circumstances a war may exist and is not to be "outlawed."

What is meant by "outlawry?" Few words in English carry

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us back more directly to the primitive legal ideas of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors than does the word "outlaw." From the beginning it has been attached as a noun to a person. Outlawry has ever been the act of putting a person out of the protection of the law, and later denoted the peculiar legal process by which a person was made an outlaw. "Outlawry was at first a declaration of war by the commonwealth against an offending member;" it marked a victory which the orderly processes of justice had attained over individual or group reliance upon self-help. The conception of outlawry represents an advance in the development of civilization and of government, where the individual was put face to face with the state, where the state denominated certain acts by the individual as crimes against it, and, as a part of the administration of justice in the punishment of crime, outlawed the criminal, thereby taking from him all rights that he might otherwise have had as a member of the state. By outlawry a man was put out of the protection of the law: he had no rights. To him was applied the maxim, "Let him be answerable to all and none to him." He became an enemy of mankind. The pirate is an international outlaw. He can claim the protection of no state and all states may seize him for his crime.

Testing the phrase "outlawry of war" by these historic usages, it follows, first, that war is really not to be outlawed but to be made a crime, for it is admitted by Mr. Levinson that under international law war is legal. It is true that war is not a crime now, nor has it ever been. Second, to make war a crime, Mr. Levinson further admits, the consent of all civilized nations will be necessary. The state or states guilty of this crime are to be outlawed as a punishment for its commission. The basic principle of Mr. Levinson's proposed code of international law is that the use of war as an "institution" for the settlement of international disputes be declared a crime against civilization.

As a working plan, therefore, the first step is the formal agreement of all states to make war a crime. The second is the universal agreement as to what punishment by outlawry involves. The third is an agreement for the enforcement of such a penalty. No hint is given as to the probable difficulty of gaining any such universal agreement. No attention seems to be paid to the methods by which such an agreement would be enforced even if

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reached. These are two practical difficulties which ought to seem obvious. So large an order as the designation as criminal of all wars, Mr. Levinson probably does not advocate. If some wars are to be made crimes and others not, it becomes then, as has been said, of primary importance exactly to determine just what the classification of wars is to be.

In this connection Mr. Levinson might be referred to the writings of the founder of modern international law, Grotius, who gave careful attention to this subject and to whom may be ascribed the honor, which Mr. Levinson no doubt would consider a very doubtful one, of having laid the foundations of the law of war. In Mr. Levinson's discussion of the subject there seems to be confusion as to just what war is, for he refers to it several times as an "institution." In a pamphlet issued on December 25, 1921, he says, "War is an institution. An institution is a custom not contrary to law (*sic*) established over long periods among peoples and races. The church is an institution; marriage is an institution; slavery *was* an institution." But in this usage there may be unlawful institutions, such as prostitution, or lawful institutions morally reprobate. To call war an institution is rhetorical, as is the use of "outlawry" with reference to war, just as when President Harding said: "If I catch the conscience of America I will lead the world to outlaw war." To describe war as an institution adds nothing to a clear understanding of its juristic significance.

The outlawry of war as an institution would seem to involve primarily the outlawry of war as a contest and secondarily the outlawry of war as a condition. As it has been shown that the term "outlawry" is improperly applied to war, but should refer to the punishment of the state at war, the proposition emerges as that of making war a crime, and the state at war a criminal. In other words, is a state a criminal whenever it prosecutes a policy by means of hostile force because it uses force, or is a state a criminal whenever it finds itself in the condition known as war?

Not all wars are to be made crimes, say those who believe in the feasibility of outlawry,—only wars of aggression. At what moment would Mr. Levinson regard our Civil War as a crime against civilization? And which side would he regard as the criminal, the outlaw,—the Federal Government or the Confeder-

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ate States? Or would they have been in *pari delicto?* Doubtless Mr. Levinson would protest that a war like the Civil War is not the kind of war he would seek to outlaw. In a pamphlet already referred to, Mr. Levinson has asserted that his plan would preserve the Monroe Doctrine, our tariff and revenue policies, our right to repel invasion, our right to expel aliens and *all other domestic and protective policies*, the other nations to enjoy corresponding rights and *policies* (*sic!*).

It is "the legality of international war" which is "the fatal defect in the fabric of our civilization. It is unlawful and criminal for an individual to kill another, but it is perfectly lawful for a sovereign or a government to cause the death of ten million individuals." To the latter he objects, yet he does not claim that it could be conceived of as criminal to cause the death of thousands in suppressing insurrection. Nor does he conceive as criminal the death in battle of more thousands in resisting invasion. He does not appear to hold that a war of defense is a crime against civilization. Indeed, he has elsewhere asserted that "the right of defense against actual or *imminent* (*sic*) attack shall be preserved." To be sure he does not specifically eliminate defensive wars in the present article, but in previous arguments he has confined his outlawry to "offensive war." Here he makes no distinction between wars of offense and wars for defense. War shall be made a crime by universal consent. Having been made so there will be no more wars. Nothing can be more simple.

But no state ever engages upon an avowedly aggressive war. There is something having to do with "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" which makes those responsible for the conduct of the affairs of a state extremely chary about engaging in an avowedly offensive war against another state. Every state going to war naturally seeks to put the odium upon its enemy. If history were to take the theory of one-half those governments which have made war, it would record no offensive wars. If it took the theory of the other half, all wars would be recorded as offensive. Germany declared that she waged a war of defense only, that the invasion of Belgium was a necessary offensive-defensive measure. Austria declared war against Serbia for alleged purposes of self-defense,—one of those acts against

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"imminent attack" which Mr. Levinson admits are not to be outlawed. Who is to decide? What is to decide?

How is it to be decided (a) as a matter of law and (b) as a matter of fact, whether a war is one of offense or defense, or whether an attack is imminent? Here one is no longer in the rarified atmosphere of generalities or pious wishes, but upon the earth. If Mr. Levinson or any code commission can formulate in general terms a legal principle which will permit of the easy distinction in fact between offensive wars and those not offensive there will have been accomplished what Grotius could not do, since it would involve the formulation of the legal causes ("just," Grotius called them) of all wars. One must never lose sight of the distinction, as old as Thucydides, between the causes of war and the occasions for war. The occasions for war are not infrequently specific invasions of legal right. The causes of war are not so easily marshalled.

Southey poked fun at the delightful tediousness of the Viennese professor who began his lectures on the Thirty Years War with the Deluge. From certain points of view the professor was right. In May, 1846, the Congress of the United States declared that war existed by "the act of Mexico" in crossing the Rio Grande by an armed force, entering territory which the United States claimed. The causes of the Mexican War run back to the earliest rivalries of the Spanish and English systems. What agreement is there as to the causes of the Great War? Each belligerent entered the war upon its own theory. Where lies the decision? *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.*

Mr. Levinson asserts that "it is impracticable to get rid of the causes of war and no substantial progress has ever been made in that regard." This is a broad statement which may be opposed by the recognition of the practical elimination of one hitherto vastly important cause of war, namely the claims of dynastic succession. Another is religion. Another is the recognition by states that certain questions may properly be settled by arbitration and judicial settlement. Great Britain and the United States so decided in the Treaty of Washington, and the Geneva Award was the result. Nations may agree upon a *status quo*, as the work of the Washington Conference bears witness.

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termines to rid oneself of the fear-complex of the last war. If, as has been observed, every peace has within it the cause of wars to come, something might be said, did space permit, about the possibility of reducing some causes of war by making peace upon another theory than *Vae Victis*. Franklin's generalization was plausible but specious that "there never was a good war or a bad peace." There must be a peace of justice and not a peace of fear.

Mr. Levinson likens war to the duel, and the law of war to the *code duello*, and says that "not a single, solitary cause of duelling has ever been removed to this day." Is this accurate? Duelling was a method of self-help once recognized by the state as lawful. It was by judicial construction (not by statute) made a crime at Common Law. Blackstone said, writing about 1760 and long after death by duelling had been recognized as murder, that "it requires such a degree of passive valor to combat the dread of even undeserved contempt, arising from the false notions of honor too generally received in Europe, that the strongest prohibitions and penalties of the law will never be entirely effectual to eradicate this unhappy custom, till a method be found out of compelling the original aggressor to make some other satisfaction to the affronted party, which the world shall esteem equally reputable as that which is now given at the hazard of the life and fortune, as well of the person insulted as of him who hath given the insult." Blackstone was in error. No new *method* has been devised but there have been, very naturally and very properly, a decay in the mediaeval notion of "personal honor," and such a modification of the ideas of "personal insult" and "personal affront," by the growth of newer conceptions of the dignity and worth of the individual, where self-restraint is the equivalent of "passive valor," that the duel is now not merely a crime, but is absurd. Affairs of honor are reserved for eccentric individuals of theatric tastes, if not of paranoiac tendencies.

So with states: as other motives arise which displace these questions of honor, the causes of war, like the causes of the duel, will tend to disappear. While not admitting with Mr. Levinson that "perhaps ninety-five per cent of the people of the civilized world are against the 'institution of war'" (how such a statement can be proved is beyond comprehension), it may be asserted that as the control of government has passed from those who regarded

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states as their patrimonies into the hands of ministers responsible to democracies, the ancient and dangerous conception of national honor is at least being modified. National interests, however, may be as dangerous internationally as national honor, and we have no proof that democracies, where they control foreign policies, are less insistent upon national interest than were their aristocratic or royal predecessors upon national honor. It remains to be proved that democracies are pacific.

Who is to decide, and how, as to what wars are aggressive and hence criminal? Mr. Levinson's requirements are (a) a code of International Law based upon the major premise that all (offensive) wars are criminal, but "limited to the controversies that arise between states;" and (b) an international court with *compulsory* jurisdiction,—including therein all (civilized?) states, —like the Supreme Court of the United States, "a ready-made exemplar for a real international court." For each a universal agreement is requisite. Such a court would necessarily have jurisdiction not only over all those controversies which in the absence of the code might lead to war, but also jurisdiction to determine when a state is guilty of the crime of aggressive war, and, it would seem, to declare the judgment of outlawry. He seems to dislike "the euphemistic word sanction." No legal sanction, he asserts, has been necessary to enforce the judgments made by the Supreme Court in the eighty-six cases of controversies between states, although the Supreme Court has intimated that some sort of legal sanction could and might be found to enforce its judgments.

But a controversy between states as developed under the Federal Constitution has not the remotest resemblance to the asserted power of an international court to declare a state a criminal and to assess against it the penalty of outlawry. No such ingenious construction was suggested between 1861 and 1865 when, under Union theory, the South made aggressive war upon the National Government; nor were the seceded states outlawed, for notwithstanding their secession, they were always a part of "an indestructible union of indestructible states." For a court to declare a state a criminal and to punish it would involve the creation of a super-state greater in power, than was the Federal Government during and since the Civil War.

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As to the jurisdiction of a "real international court" over all international controversies, Mr. Levinson is insistent; it is the substitution of judicial settlement for war. Mr. Levinson seems to argue that judicial settlement of controversies will supersede all wars. The very kind of war, however, which the court would be called upon to declare a crime is the one for which judicial settlement of the controversy was not permitted by the aggressive state.

Mr. Levinson has little patience with the distinction between justiciable and non-justiciable disputes, and he apparently confuses non-justiciable disputes with "matters affecting national honor or the vital interests of a state." Nevertheless, this distinction exists and is fundamental to the operation both of the League of Nations and of the World Court. The Council of the League of Nations is primarily for the consideration and adjustment of non-justiciable controversies, not by arbitration and award, nor by process and judgment, but by conciliation.

And be it noted that Article 16 of the League Covenant provides for the outlawry of that state, a member of the League of Nations, which resorts to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13, and 15 (by refusing to submit to arbitration, or to inquiry by the Council or Assembly). Should a member state so act, "it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade and financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all commercial or personal intercourse between the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, *whether a member of the League or not.*" This is called boycott, but it is outlawry in very precise language. The article has been called the heart of the Covenant. It is specific and not general, definite and not hazy, but in it Mr. Levinson has, apparently, no confidence. Many others have no confidence in it because it attempts more than can, considering the present state of the world, be accomplished. During the Senate debate on the Covenant this article was asserted to be in violation of the Constitution, as it deprives Congress of the power to declare war.

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In his mind the agency must be a "real court." The present Court will not do, because it has "no inherent power to hear or decide any controversy between nations unless they both consent." Why has the present Court no such inherent power? Simply because several states would not *consent* generally in advance to be sued without their consent specifically. How would Mr. Levinson force them to consent either generally or specifically? While compulsory jurisdiction was eliminated as a necessary feature of the Court, a state may engage to recognize it. There are forty-six states which have agreed to the statute of the Court, and of these, twenty have accepted its compulsory jurisdiction.

The example of "judicial child's play" which Mr. Levinson cites to show the absurdity of the present Court is inaccurately and misleadingly set forth. An advisory legal opinion was asked of the Court by the Council as to the existence of an international legal controversy between Finland and Soviet Russia. None was given because Russia had not given and would not give its consent to the Court's jurisdiction over any matter involving Soviet Russia, stating that any attempt to assert jurisdiction would be regarded by the Soviet Government as a hostile act. This was not judicial child's play but a decision absolutely sound, upon Mr. Levinson's own theory.

The League of Nations and the Court of International Justice are in existence. Together they afford a definite method for the outlawry of war. Mr. Levinson will have none of them. Instead he offers a phrase. May one not use his own characterization of earlier phrases and conclude that he has only added another, "a new opiate prepared for the people, to relieve them of the pain of war" until the next war comes?

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RE-MAKING GREECE

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

OF THE few great world personalities whose heroic stature has not been diminished by the petty bickerings that constitute post-war history, not one has commanded more affection, deep respect, and confidence among the nations than Fridtjof Nansen. His disinterested work in restoring 400,000 war refugees to their homes and in averting famine in Russia is now a familiar story. Here the great explorer tells of the rehabilitation in Greece of destitute refugees from Asia Minor.

OF ALL the sore spots of Europe there is none, it seems to me, that can be more readily healed, without political interference of any sort, by the saving hand of the American people, than Greece. The land of Greece, having suffered a collapse of its dreams of territorial expansion, finds itself called upon to absorb a sudden increase of population, unprecedented since the days of the Aryan migrations. The Greeks are handling this situation to the utmost of their ability and their means. The American people have rendered, and are rendering, effective help, and now your Henry Morgenthau has gone to Greece to act as Chairman of the Commission that shall find these refugees new homes and speed them on the way to self-support.

In their unfortunate military adventure the Greeks attempted to go over to their kinsmen in Asia Minor, to answer the call of the descendants of the Greek Colonists of three thousand years ago who were tenants of the farms of the Near East long centuries before the Turkish conquerors arrived. Orthodox Christians, they had learned to speak the Turkish tongue, but they had resisted the Moslem religion. In their attempt to include these kinsmen in a Greater Greece, the Greek armies failed utterly. In their retreat they precipitated instead an action threatened for centuries, the evacuation *en masse* of the Greek population and their flight by hundreds of thousands across the Aegean to the old homeland of Hellas. Greece, utterly exhausted after ten years of war and numbering only four and a half million inhabitants, now finds more than a million of these fugitives within her newly compressed borders. Imagine the problem

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which would be facing your United States, large and prosperous as you are, if you suddenly found yourselves, in a single year, confronted with an immigration of twenty-five to thirty million people, four-fifths of whom were completely dependent on charity?

It is not my purpose here to remind the United States of the agreement made with the Associated Powers in the winter of 1917–1918, by which your government agreed to advance to Greece a sum not to exceed fifty million dollars, to carry on military and naval operations. Although vouchers to the United States of expenditures amounting to upward of forty-eight million were passed, only fifteen million were actually paid. I need not rehearse the military and political complications which prevented further payment, but I only call attention to the fact that in one sense the United States has saved more money than you planned on Greece.

Many hundred thousand of the refugees came from parts of Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace that were not affected by the Greek military movement. Either they were driven out or they felt that the time had come. They came to Greece because Greece was the only country ready to receive them.

The Greek Government made a stupendous effort to help the refugees. The foreign relief agencies did the same. The League of Nations took action at once and asked me as High Commissioner for Refugees to do what I could to help them, and I at once went to Constantinople and Greece and within a few days got some grain for immediate relief. Again the Americans added another chapter to the record of the marvellous relief work they have carried out since the war. The Near East Relief saved thousands of lives through their child feeding and the American Red Cross fed last winter about 800,000 refugees until they retired from the field on the 30th of June.

Undoubtedly but for the work of the American agencies a catastrophe would have happened. Even so, there was terrible suffering and a great mortality. It is estimated that between seventy and a hundred thousand souls died last winter. There was also a danger of widespread epidemics amongst all these poor people living in concentration camps under the most unhealthy conditions. This danger was averted largely by the work of the

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Epidemic Committee of the League of Nations, which provided for the vaccination of 728,000 refugees. From Europe, especially from Great Britain, was also sent food and great quantities of clothing which proved of inestimable value.

It was impossible, however, to hope that merely by relief work of this sort the problem of the refugees could be solved for Greece. Immediate relief was, of course, the first essential to save their lives, but unless the refugees could either be returned to their homes or could be rendered in some way self-supporting, the problem for Greece would have remained essentially the same and would have continued to be a danger. Since the return of the refugees to their homes in Asia Minor and Eastern Thrace was evidently impossible, it was necessary to find some means by which they could be rendered self-supporting.

From the first my assistants and I always held that the proper plan was to settle as many of the refugees as possible on the vacant lands of Greece. Happily there was vacant land. There were a certain number of animals which the refugees from Eastern Thrace had been able to bring with them, and a great proportion of the refugees (about two-thirds of them) were agriculturalists. All that was necessary, therefore, was to settle them on the land and in a short time, perhaps in a year, they could be enabled to support themselves if they were supplied with tools and seeds.

A great example of reconstructive effort was shown by the British organizations who acted in close cooperation with the High Commission of the League. Under the leadership of Colonel Procter, who acted as Deputy High Commissioner for the League, an organization was set on foot which took charge of ten thousand refugees from Eastern Thrace. They were settled on vacant land in Western Thrace around the town of Gumuldjina; they were distributed in about fifteen villages and lived in tents while they built for themselves houses constructed of brick which they themselves made out of local clay. They were supplied with food, first by the League and subsequently by the British organizations. They were supplied with hospitals and medical attention by the British Red Cross and other organizations. Lady Rumbolt's fund might especially be mentioned. They were supplied with seed and animals by the Greek Govern-

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ment, and Colonel Procter and his agency provided expert direction. Some of them cultivated the fields; others started as fishermen; others as charcoal burners and brick makers; others grew tobacco, and some started a silk plantation. Sixty thousand mulberry trees were planted, which constitute the greatest silk plantation in Europe. The women were started in other kinds of work, carpet and blanket making, lace making and embroidery. In the short space of nine months these ten thousand refugees, who, when they arrived, were in a destitute condition, were rendered self-supporting.

The success of this undertaking under Colonel Procter and the High Commission of the League, in solving the problem of ten thousand refugees, is an indication of what may be done on a large scale. The problem for Greece now is to do for the great mass of one million refugees what has been done in this way for ten thousand of them, but the settlement of such a great number cannot be carried out without considerable financial resources. A scheme for the settlement of all the refugees was presented by Colonel Procter, and the Greek Government worked out a proposition for procuring sufficient security for raising the necessary loan to realize this scheme, and applied to the League of Nations for support. The Council of the League went into the matter, the possibilities of the loan were studied by experts of the financial section of the League, and the securities proposed by the Greek Government were found to be sufficient for a loan of from four to six million pounds sterling.

The Council of the League decided to give their support to the Greek Government on the condition that the Greek banks and bankers would underwrite at least one million pounds of the loan and that the money should be used only for settling the refugees in permanent productive work. The expenditure of the money is controlled by a Settlement Commission consisting of two members appointed by the Greek Government and two members appointed by the League of Nations. The League has appointed Mr. Henry Morgenthau,—former Ambassador of the United States to Turkey,—as Chairman of the Commission, and the second member is Mr. John Campbell of the Indian Civil Service. The Commission will decide by a majority vote. In the event of the votes being equally divided, Mr. Morgenthau will have a

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second vote. The Greek Government will transfer in full possession to the Settlement Commission an amount of land suitable for settlement of not less than two and one-quarter million acres.

The Bank of England at once subscribed one million pounds sterling and is willing to go further as soon as the Greek Government has become constitutional; that is, when there has been a general election in Greece. There seems, therefore, to be good hope that enough money can be borrowed by the Greek Government on the markets of the world to enable the settlement of all the refugees in productive work. If this succeeds, as we are confident it will, it will be a great piece of reconstructive work, only second to the salvation of Austria, which was also accomplished by the League of Nations. The problem of Greece is essentially the same as that of Austria: to prevent a country of ancient civilization going into economic and financial chaos. This the loan will accomplish.

In facing the immediate future of this great problem there is, however, one important fact to be borne in mind. None of the international loan may be expended on the relief of distress or other charitable purposes; it is solely for final settlement in productive work. All assistance given shall be on terms involving ultimate repayment,—in other words, entirely a matter of loan. To keep the refugees alive and in good health until they can become self-supporting is, therefore, the problem which is still unsolved, and which is my immediate concern.

There is, therefore, still a vast need for charitable help. The Greek Government is willing to do its utmost to help, but as it has to use its resources chiefly for raising the international loan and to make the settlement a success, it cannot in its exhausted condition contribute great sums for the feeding of the refugees without endangering the success of the settlement scheme.

Nevertheless, the Greek Government has declared itself able to contribute ten million drachmas, equal to about two hundred thousand dollars, per month, but this is not sufficient to feed more than one-third of the refugees. Here then is an opportunity for the charitable public to participate in a great reconstructive effort which in the course of a year or two will enable this problem to be definitely solved in a way which will greatly add to the economic and social strength of the East. Fortunately

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the British organizations have already with generosity and courage undertaken to continue their relief work in Greece. In the Scandinavian countries something will also be done, and we sincerely hope that the American organizations will again come in and do their share.

The problem is still very grave. Refugees are still arriving from Asia Minor. Vast numbers remain to be dealt with. If the reconstructive scheme of the loan, supported as it must be by charitable relief, does not succeed, the catastrophe which was averted a year ago will shortly take place. In that case Greece will be thrown into a financial and economic chaos which will inevitably cause disturbances in Greece and also on the Balkan Peninsula. It should be remembered that all recent wars in Europe started on the Balkan Peninsula. There is, therefore, every reason to wish that this source of danger be removed. If the catastrophe is averted by the reconstructive efforts which have been described, Greece will regain her place among the leaders of the civilization of Southern Europe.

As a footnote to Dr. Nansen's article the editor adds some information about the exchange of Greek and Turkish populations, a subject which does not come under Dr. Nansen's jurisdiction. This is entirely distinct from the problem of Greek refugees but is often confused with it.

According to Article 1 of the Convention signed by Turkey and Greece at Lausanne, January 30, 1923:

> As from the 1st May, 1923, there shall take place a compulsory exchange of Turkish nationals of the Greek Orthodox religion established in Turkish territory, and of Greek nationals of the Moslem religion established in Greek territory.
>
> These persons shall not return to live in Turkey or Greece respectively without the authorization of the Turkish Government or of the Greek Government respectively.

This plan was not, as some have said, suggested by Dr. Nansen. It is in fact a Greek and Turkish proposition. Nor is it a new plan foisted upon the world, but one which was discussed years ago, both in Turkey and in Greece. It is a pity, of course, that this should be the best possible solution of the problem of Greek

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and Turkish minorities, a plan whereby there are to be uprooted populations whose ancestors for century on century have occupied the same farms. But centuries of trial have demonstrated that in these territories Moslems and Christians have not the power of political assimilation. It is not a question of Greek and Turk but of Orthodox and Mohammedan.

To superintend this immigration a mixed commission has been designated by the two powers, consisting of four Greeks, four Turks, and three members chosen by the Council of the League of Nations from powers neutral in the Great War. The presidency of the commission is exercised in turn by each of these three neutral members. Not included in this provision are the Greek inhabitants of Constantinople and Moslems in Western Thrace. The million former Turkish subjects who migrated precipitately before the advancing Turkish armies and abandoned everything, do not figure in this exchange. The Turkish Government takes the position that by their act they relinquished all claim to the properties left behind them, and for them there is no recourse to restitution. So many have thus under duress evacuated territory now held by Turkey that the Christians who remain are less in number than the Moslem subjects of Greece for whom they are to be exchanged. An exact count is not available, but in some quarters it is estimated that about four hundred thousand Turks will thus change nationality by the terms of the Lausanne treaty, and no more than a hundred and fifty thousand Greeks.

It must not be denied that this compulsory uprooting of populations will cause hardship. However relieved Christian citizens of Turkey may feel at transferring their national allegiance, the Turks who are obliged to leave prosperous homes in Greece look with no such joyous eyes upon the future. In fact they have made representations of protest to the National Assembly at Angora. Nor is the loss to Greece less than that to her Turkish subjects, for, pursuing the arts of peace without interference, these subjects have developed into habits of thrift and saving, and constitute some of the most prosperous communities in Greece.

Upon the farms thus evacuated, the new Turkish-speaking subjects of Greece imported from Turkish territory will be

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placed, together with as many as possible of the vastly greater number of war refugees from Asia Minor. To determine the value of the properties thus surrendered and taken over by new tenants is one of the functions of the Greco-Turkish Joint Commission. The value of these properties is placed to the credit of the Turkish Government and, in the same way, the value of the possessions left behind by Greek Orthodox Catholics, to the credit of Greece. It therefore appears that when the final monetary adjustment is made, Greece will be in Turkey's debt.

Greeks who have remained behind in Asia Minor and now take advantage of the Exchange, will thus receive the full value of their properties to be applied against the new lands they take over. Less fortunate is the condition of the refugees, their fellow-countrymen, who preceded them to Greece. These must rely on loans from the Greek Government to enable them to acquire new freeholds, for they have left their all behind them. And until that time comes they have to depend upon relief organizations to keep them in food, shelter, and clothing.

SONATA TRAGICA

MARGARET TOD RITTER

There is one death, one only, one supreme.
To lie in stately quiet at the rail
Of some tall altar, ministered by pale,
Grey shadows, is not death. To dream
The Spring into the veins, to wear a light,
Immaculate shroud of frost: death is not these.
Those who have heard their own deep litanies
Sung forth, have nothing to regret. No bright,
Sharp pain can follow them, no hope unsaid
Can fill their eyes with fever; they have won
Past any need of stars and moon and sun.
These are not dead who know not they are dead.
To cry for thee with every listening breath
And cry for thee in vain; this, this is death.

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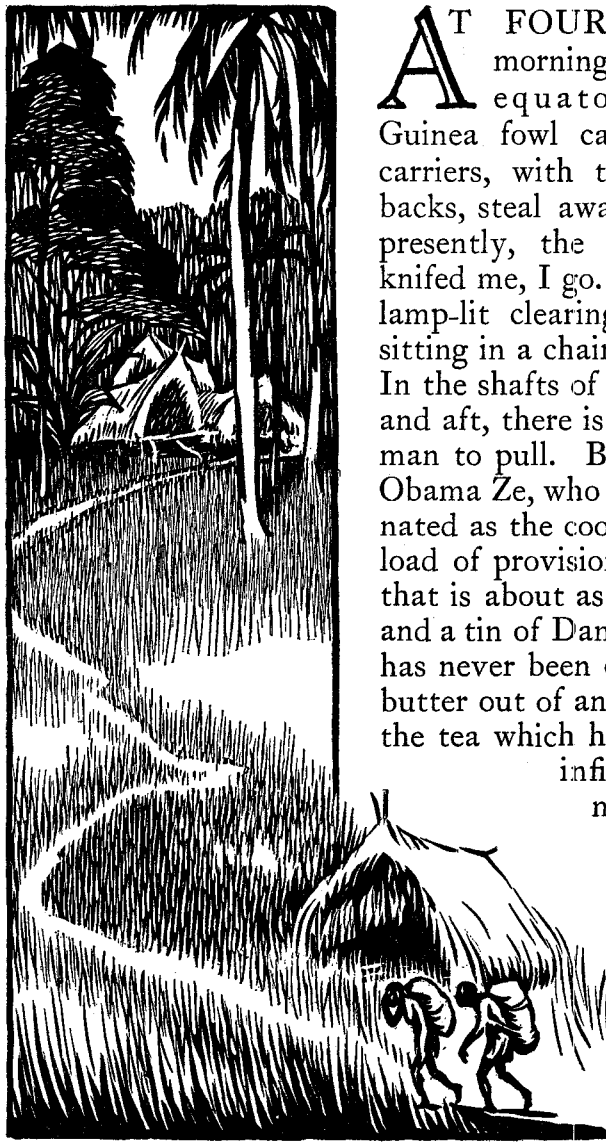
THE UNFORGOTTEN JOURNEYS

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

Drawings By C. LeRoy Baldridge



AT FOUR-TWENTY of a morning, in the forests of equatorial Africa, the Guinea fowl calls. Then my two carriers, with their loads on their backs, steal away in the dark. And presently, the alarm clock having knifed me, I go. We vanish from the lamp-lit clearing, the white woman sitting in a chair swung over a wheel. In the shafts of this little vehicle, fore and aft, there is a man to push and a man to pull. Before long I overtake Obama Ze, who is romantically designated as the cook. He is carrying my load of provisions,—made up of rice that is about as interesting as usual, and a tin of Danish butter of which it has never been claimed that it is like butter out of an ice box at home. Of the tea which he carries, a small—an infinitesimal—haycock might be made, and of the coffee, a most fulsome ode.

Obama Ze thinks with agreeable anticipation of the day when I really *must* have something to eat and so will eat the tin of

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beans. From long experience he knows that this will occur early in the journey. And the bread will, of course, diminish daily, until there is no bread. Almost as much may be hoped of that little pack of medicines which make of our nightly camps a kind of dispensary. These calculations cheerfully preoccupy Obama Ze.

But Minke, when I pass him, is morose. He carries my cot and wardrobe, and is thinking bitterly that Obama Ze has been favored in a load which I shall eat away, whilst he—Minke—cannot hope for such fortune. Furthermore, because his load is light, he must carry the lantern. The white woman has said so, and he cannot hope to part from the lantern until we return to the station. He thinks it would be pleasant were I to call a small boy to walk in my company who would carry the lantern. Only last night, when he and Obama Ze were fitting their loads to their shoulder yokes, Minke painted for my imagination an attractive little boy, whose character would be permanently ennobled by a walk in my company, and who would carry the lantern. "Then your lantern," Minko told me, "would be ever at your hand." But I tell him, with the heartless calm of a white person about to start on a journey, that my lantern will indeed be at my hand, since himself must follow at my heels. It is my optimism has made Minko morose. He admires me less than usual when I overtake him and the lantern to which he has been irrevocably chained.

This is the hour when white people carry their helmets in their hands and you may see their hair, that is soft and straight as the hair of a monkey, uncovered to the sky. The white woman carries her helmet in her hand. The hearts of the chairmen are light and they run swiftly; there is a little breeze about the swiftness of their going. The stars are paling above that little caravan; the shadow of the forest trail awaits them, and the burdens of the mission station life, with the many wheels of its medical and industrial and educational and domestic machinery, are left behind. The drum of the station, announcing the hours of the duties of the day, may not enslave them.

There is a Bulu proverb that says: "Don't flatter the day in the morning." But oh, you flatter the day, and the little caravan, and yourself on the first morning of a journey, if you start in time! You flatter the starry dark and the pallor that is dawn

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and the path that begins to show white in the shadows and the carded mists that hang in shreds among the trees of the forest,—as you may see when you come to the clearing of a village that lies on the slope of a hill. In all the little villages the roofs release a veil of smoke to the dawn. In one of them, and from the wall of the forest that is behind the huts, you hear the little thin and whispered wailing that is the morning voice of sorrow: "*Ma yi ma simsan!* I weep and I remember." And you know that there is a woman abroad on the edge of the forest, grieving for the long-lost and the unforgotten.

In many a village on this first morning of your journey and when the air begins to have the color of day, there will be a drummer at the village drum, drumming to the Christians the call to prayer. And in the first of these you stop at the palaver house, where it is still dark under the thatch. You sit by an ember of last night's fire, planning what you will be saying to the village folk when they come in, which presently they do, stooping one by one at the low entrance, thrusting their right legs over the high sill, bringing their brown bodies and their bright head-dresses into the gloom of that place. Because you are still among neighbors you speak to the circumstance of the village: its known need and its degree of villainy, the known violence of its citizens, its scandals and reforms. How well you know these things! It is terrible! Your audience fidgets and sighs, looking at you without resentment. The law is terrible in that little hut between the two walls of the forest. And presently from somewhere in your pack of treasures new and old you produce the homely and the immediate things of the love of God for that one whose name is Trouble, as there is many a one named in that village.

You mean, as I suppose all ministers mean, that your service shall be short. But what with the things of God and the things of friendship, there is a high enchanting ray of sunlight before you leave the village.

The name of that high enchanting ray of sunlight is "the bath of the monkeys." Your carriers have told you this, and that the monkeys come to the roof of the forest to bathe in the first ray of morning and the last ray of evening light. You believe it. You think when you see the light, so golden, that the monkeys have

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every inducement. It is their portion. There is no sunlight where you walk in the forest. Upon the floor of that forest, brown ever with a fall of brown leaves and threaded with streams that are brown, or a trickle over stones of a water gray as glass, there is a little way which men have made. It is the portion of man under that vast roof where there is a place for every creature after its kind. You are among the least of these; you and your little caravan know your place; you are very, very small on the floor of the forest; with an instinct of obedience you walk in the way that is the law. In that place of silence, and of the cry of birds you do not see, and of the gray drift of light among the crowding bodies of trees, and of the never-to-be-forgotten odor of an immemorial mold, you are drowned in a solitude ineffable and thrilling, you are caught in a strong excitement that is the vice of the lovers of the wilderness.

You are perfectly happy until you are hungry. This pang is the knell of the golden age, and in the palaver house of a village by a river you call for your second breakfast. You sit on one of the many bamboo beds while Obama Ze coaxes a flame from logs that ooze smoke from their charred ends. The sun thrusts a powerful wedge of light through the eastern doors of that brown interior, the bark of all the eastern wall is pricked and slitted with gold; it is near to eight o'clock.

The women of the village and the little girls are away in the gardens, but there will be men in the palaver house who will speak to you after the correct interval, asking news of your town. Little boys getting wind of your visit come in ever so swiftly; they breathe quickly because they have been running up from the river or from their own little affairs behind the wall of the forest. They stand to observe you. Many a one carries a baby astride his hip,—these are the little mothers of the village. But whether fishermen or trappers or nurse-maids or just rascals and loafers, these little boys are lost in a common bright dream,—they dream of fish hooks! Never was there in any water a fish as bright as the fishes caught on the hooks they dream of, covering the white woman with their perfectly attentive eyes.

I call for water. And the boy who brings it shall have a fish hook!

Half a dozen little brown bodies flow out of the palaver house

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door and down the street. An egg appears at my elbow. It is offered in the most eloquent little hand. If wishing could make it a good egg, it is that. I candle the egg against the sunlight. It is innocent. From a tin Velox box I take the three fish hooks that are current barter for an egg. A hand of plantains is laid at my feet, and on a level with my eyes a boy's dark eyes pray me for fish hooks. I pay fish hooks for the plantains.

Two little boys come in from the spring with a small brass pail hanging between them. They look, together with their pail, like a capital letter M. They put the pail at my feet. They time exactly the withdrawal of their hands. It is evident that this so sweet spring water, still shivering in its brazen cup and covered with a sprig of fern, is the offering of *two* little boys. Yet it is the worth of but one fish hook. An ardor of petition presses close to me in the silence of the palaver house. How will the white woman deal with this union? She gives a fish hook to each boy. There is a universal sighing breath. And presently other little boys with other of their mothers' cooking pots bring their little beating hearts to be broken. They have sweet spring water under sprigs of green fern, crystal-clear in those brass kettles, but the white woman rejects them.

The tin coffee pot boils on the flame and the egg is there with the coffee. The plantains are roasted in the ashes; one of these is for me. I eat and drink, looking down the clearing and across the river to the sea of the forest. The carriers spread a banana leaf on the ground and dispose there the cassava cake and the peanut butter in its little leaf packet; they squat on their heels and bow their heads and say "*Akeva Zambe!*" This is to say "Thank God," and it is a custom of the people of the tribe of God.

We refresh ourselves in a great calm. There is peace in that dim place, and you would never guess when you are sitting there, how the violence of the day is growing. But when you set out again, and the sunlight of the clearing floods upon you, the war of the journey is on. You sigh and breast the furies of the light.

In that forest the villages are strung like occasional beads on the thread of a tribal trail. There is a kind of rhythm of sequence, —a cluster of villages and a series of gardens, a stretch of true forest, a deserted clearing, the true forest, a series of gardens and a cluster of villages. In the village clearings the light is a river of

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light between the walls of the forest. In the garden clearings the trail is shadowed with a growth of cane, the light there is golden and diffuse, the jungle is not strong but it is close; broken light and broken color beat into your eyes, and the way is narrow,—you weary in a mile of such going. In the true forest you sink into a pool of shadow and of peace. You are a little pebble at the bottom of a well of shadow,—a thrilling contralto earth strain is trembling there. You would wish never to leave the true forest.

And in the deserted clearings you are stunned by the clamors of the light. I seem to see myself at noon of how many days, adrift on the wide lake of a deserted clearing with the roarings of the sunlight all about me. The grass is high in those clearings, the path is hidden by the grass, that is high as your waist. Here and there on the surface of the lake of grass is a little island overgrown with a flowering vine,—it is the ruins of the huts that have most resisted ruin. Do not shelter in those huts. Just push along with your face hot under your helmet and make for the shelter of the forest wall. You are now on the crest of the wave of the tropic day. When that wave slides down to evening and the forest shadows fall across the clearing with its lake of grass and its little flowering islands, there will be in that place where the Bulu lived to the trouble of drums,—a dwelling beauty, perfectly solitary, without tremor, and still.

You rest for an hour at noon, lying on the slattings of a bamboo bed in a village. Obama Ze speaks to you like a mother. He says that you must be enduring. "Ah, Matyenda," says Obama Ze, "you must have iron! A traveler must have iron!" How many times Obama Ze has told me that a traveler must be of iron, while he busied himself with the noon meal. This is his way of dealing with the silly salt tears of fatigue.

You are glad that the village is as still—or almost—as Pompeii. The women are not yet returned from their gardens. You have no immediate interest in native customs or folk-lore; you have no urgings along the line of your profession. You are glad there is no one dead in the village, else there would be a crowd there and a dark shadow and an immanence of violence and words to be said about mortality and immortality. You are glad there is no little new baby in that village, else you must be approving it and speaking to the mother,—all powdered with the vermilion powder

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of the camma tree,—of the things of God and her little new baby. You are glad if there are no lepers there to come stealing in with their broken bodies, to hear "three words of the Word of God." Yes, the more deserted the village, the better you like it at the hour of noon, and you without iron.

By four of the afternoon you should be in camp, sitting at ease under the thatch of your choice in the village where you will sleep; and that thatch should be *nkalabande*,—which is to say, a cabin without walls. The headman, if he means to give you a chicken at all, has given it by now. In their huts the women who are friendly to the people of the Tribe of God are busy making for their guests packets of peanut butter, or good mushroom soup, or even, in an excess of hospitality, little leaf bundles of stewed fish.

By five o'clock you have renewed yourself with clear water and clean linen. You sit on the east side of a shadow, watching the day fall away from the forest and the light that is the bath of the monkeys. Here presently your supper is brought you and it is a chicken stewed in peanut butter. There are the greens of the cassava plant steaming in a wooden bowl. There is a good little steamed cake of green corn and peanuts, ground together. There is many a little offering of food and all perfectly safe for you to eat, as you must infer when the women who cooked that food, and the man who owns those women, have tasted it in your presence. What more can this village do than to give you shelter, and having cooked good food for you and yours, to taste it in your presence, thus to prove that there is no poison in your portion? You make a note of all these offerings. Unless the people of that village are Christians you will leave a little present for the givers. Many a Bulu woman wears to this day a brass ring, or hangs a safety pin on her necklace of the coarse hair from an elephant's tail, because long ago she befriended a white woman.

While you sup, night fills the vast of the sky. You are small under a starry sky. Your carriers build a little fire beside you in the open, and those embers are a kind of footlights to the show that you are to the people of the village when they gather about you in the dark. Someone drums the news of you on the call drum; those staccato phrases, so like the click of a giant tele-

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graph, speak to the neighboring hamlets. Little groups of brown bodies take the trail; they are lit by torches made of reeds. Your boy lights your lantern and the stage is set.

You speak to them about the things of God. You read in the Bulu dialect about Him who is the Word, and that is to say, the Bulu word. The lost coin rolls under a bamboo bed of that village and the lost sheep strays off into the forest and the prodigal son goes away by the tribal path to the beach and is lost. And the Son of Man comes down by the trail from the town of Zambe the Creator, to seek and to save his own that are lost. And more is discerned there in that hour in that village than the light of the lantern falls on.

On such a night as this, in such a clearing, how much have I heard of the traditions of the Bulu, of their moral code, of their ultimate decisions about the stars and the many moons that are ever new, and the outward bound journeys of the spirit of man.

About the stars. Might it not be that these were the glances of an eye? "Because when I wondered at the stars, my father told me that the twinkling of a star might be the glance of an eye—'the glance of the eye of *your man*, who is above,' my father said. And he said this might be, because Zambe who created us and all that is below, had created also those other things."

About shadows. "I saw my shadow in a pool, I leaned above it, and I wondered. And I wondered then about the creation of man. My shadow surprised me."

About thunder. About dreams. About magic. About the ways of death and the going forth with a spear in the hand to meet the unknown dangers. About the new way of death; about Ngo Ntoto,—that old headman who is known to have died with a word of greeting. "*Mbolo*," he said, and that is the old way of salutation. "*Yesus, Mbolo*," said Ngo Ntoto, and he died. Not a spear in his hand nor a bow nor an arrow.

About a tribe living underground,—there is a persistent rumor of a subterranean tribe. About a great and nameless man of the far interior, whose virtues and bounties are ever recounted beside the night fires. About the generations of the clan and the legendary migrations and the crossings of rivers.

Presently you think of these things, under the mosquito net that hangs above your cot. By the light of your lantern you

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note them in your book, pondering what you have not understood, turning over the bright fragments of the stars and hunting among the shadows,—feeling after the man who glances from the sky. Wondering why the Bantu are everywhere awed by their shadows. Wondering whether those dwellers underground are memories, centuries old, of workers in long-forgotten mines. Writing down ever so carefully in Bulu what you have not understood. Until at last, when the village is as still as sleep, you put out your lantern; you remind yourself that the noise that may wake you will be a dog nosing among your belongings; you look at the night that is everywhere a glaze of moonlight over the roofs of the houses and on the drooping banners of the banana trees; you listen a moment to the drums that speak for the villages that wake in the forest,—a pulsing that is now near and now far, but always articulate, incredibly accurate, and that has come at last to be for you, who have lived so long in the forest, the beat of the heart of silence. And you sleep.

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COOLIDGE AS A STUDENT

HORACE GREEN

HAVING won last place in an historic race at Amherst, Calvin Coolidge was obliged to pay for an oyster supper with his next three weeks' board money. What he lost in athletic prestige he gained in reputation for wit. When called upon for a speech he uttered the pithy and prophetic words: "The last shall be first." This and other stories of college days are told in the second installment of Mr. Green's biographical series, along with opinions of the men who knew him at that time.

THERE was no discussion as to whether Calvin Coolidge should go to a university. The question naturally settled itself: he was the type for whom universities exist. Nor did he have to work his way through. "My folks," he has said, "live within their income and fear no man." His father had a little laid by, and because of frugality,—the young collegiate paid two dollars a week for board,—the first of the month had no terrors for him. Several pairs of reversible cuffs, and John T. Wheelwright's humoresque volume entitled *Rollo's Journey to Cambridge* are said to have been outstanding features of his impedimenta. When he was ready for college he naturally started for Amherst. After two days he was taken ill and had to come home. He was ill for some time. It was decided that it was not best for him to go to college that year. He went, therefore, to St. Johnsbury Academy, one hundred miles from Plymouth, where he entered and finished with the graduating class. In the autumn of 1891 he returned to Amherst, joining the class which graduated in 1895.

In Amherst, as elsewhere, it is difficult to make anything romantic out of Coolidge. His classmates liked him, respected him. They left him more or less alone, as his nature called for. Now that he is renowned, they rack their brains for dramatic anecdotes to feed the biographer. His early friends are divided in two classes: first, those of retrogressive imagination whose memory decorates the youth of the now illustrious executive. This type always knew "Calvin was destined for *great things*," and give corroborative characteristics. They talk about his prim, determined mouth, which is a fact, and his blazing red

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hair,—which is not a fact. More honest critics saw nothing remarkable in the young man, and to this day cannot understand how he got so far.

Amherst is a typical middle New England college, thrust on a high plateau, six miles east of Northampton. Broad, quiet streets are flanked by ancient and honorable trees. Comfortable fraternity houses, including the modern ones built of Harvard brick, are designed to fit the setting. At evening the glow through crimson window curtains throws soft paths of light across the shadows on the campus. The atmosphere is peaceful. "More so," a professor's son remarked, "since President Meiklejohn resigned."

Coolidge was not immediately popular, and did not join a fraternity. In freshman and sophomore years he roomed at Mr. Trott's; in part of his junior year at Mrs. Avery's. Later, he joined the Amherst branch of Phi Gamma Delta. He was not athletic. Once when asked what part he had taken in college athletics, he replied: "I held the stakes." If you ask whether he was interested in dramatics the answer is a laugh. He was not musical. He did not debate. Nor did he shine in feminine society. Until his senior year, one can ransack class books, club records, campus legends, without finding the usual stories of greatness in the making. But, as in later life, there stands out one factor which greatly aided his personal and political development. *He gravitated naturally toward the men worth knowing and impressed himself upon them.*

'Ninety-five produced representative men. Among Coolidge's contemporaries were Dwight Morrow, of J. P. Morgan and Company; Herbert L. Pratt, President of the Standard Oil Company; Dean George Olds, now President of the college in place of Dr. Meiklejohn; Augustus Post, pioneer in aerial development; Frederick Houck Law; Dr. Elmer S. Newton, Principal of Western High School, Washington, D. C.; Ernest W. Hardy, of Portland, Oregon; Clinton E. Bell, of Springfield; Harlan F. Stone, Dean of Columbia Law School; Archibald Bouton, of New York University; Richard F. Dana, William Boardman, and Percival Deering.

Morrow and Dean Olds were close to Coolidge, and dear old Professor Grosvenor early remarked upon the sterling charac-

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teristics behind that quiet, inscrutable face. "Coolidge was a fine fellow, never troubled anybody," writes Augustus Post.

Morrow was not only a good mixer, but the accomplished member of the class. He was on "The Olio" Board, Chairman of "The Lit," a class monitor, on the class baseball team, winner of the Armstrong Essay prize, class orator, and President of the Phi Beta Kappa. The vote for Morrow as the member of the class most likely to succeed in life was so heavy as to be practically unanimous. Coolidge received only one vote, and *that vote was Morrow's!*

Nothing happened without consulting Morrow. Therefore when the question arose as to appointing class officers, the Committee went around to Morrow's room. The Grove Oration, supposed to be delivered by the wittiest man in the class, is analogous to the Ivy Oration at Harvard and furious flights of alleged humor at other universities.

"How about Grove Orator?" Morrow was asked.

The dictum was immediate and definite. "Coolidge is the only man,"—and Coolidge it was.

To this period we are also indebted for Coolidge's first, and up to that time, longest speech. It came after the famous "plug hat race" in junior year at which all members of the class are required to clothe themselves in raiment funereal, consisting of cutaways and top hats, plus canes,—the nearest approach to sartorial perfection in the future President's entire career, and the regrettable occasion of a photograph for whose destruction he has offered the Burns Detective Agency 367,444,300,083 German marks. The "last eight" in the plug hat race are required to pay for an oyster supper, and Coolidge, according to historians, having won last place by a nose, was also required to prolong the evening with a speech.

Expectation ran high. Coolidge paid for the oysters with his next three weeks' board. He then rose and turned his pockets inside out. The account of the oration, which may be found in the apocryphal history of Amherst, second edition of 'Ninety-five, set up and electrotyped only, presumably, in the memory of graduates, is here reported verbatim and in full: "Calvin Coolidge then drawled, '*The last shall be first*,' and sat down!"

It is possible that this speech, epoch-making as to length, even

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if not revealing hitherto unknown sentiments, was the first intimation to the class, as a whole, that Calvin the Clam was more like an oyster, with pearly potentialities. Certainly by graduation day his wit, or as Dean Olds better calls it, his "wisdom touched with whimsical humor," was recognized; for in one of those impertinent circulars which college youth send one another, there was the question, "Are you engaged?" to which Coolidge answered, "Severally,"—a retort which it was considered worth while to record in print. Furthermore, in answer to the question, "Who is the brightest man in the class" (in which Dwight Morrow, of course, carried off the prize with forty votes), Coolidge, Kingsland, and Sampson received honorable mention. But the most astounding feature, in view of the belief that Coolidge always spent his evenings in forward thinking, is that he had as yet come to no decision of his life's work. He gave his business or profession as "Undecided," and his plans for next year as "Nothing"; he was one of the few with no preference for any Church or sect. Only one answer was definite. Under the heading, "What political party do you prefer?" he put down an unequivocal "Republican."

The Grove Oration on Class Day at Amherst is so called because delivered in a grove of trees somewhat resembling the setting of a Greek amphitheatre. Around the speaker in a semicircle, sits the graduating class; behind them juniors, sophomores, and freshmen; behind these, provided the barbed shafts of judgment are not feared, members of the faculty and others. The object is to amuse the gathering in more ways than one,—first, by cracks at various members of the faculty. It has also been an immemorial custom to interrupt the speaker by methods devious and underhand.

But Coolidge's he-lamb was guarded as carefully as Papyrus before the race; in fact the efforts to obtain his goat were without fruition. They listened with one ear. By the time Coolidge had divided the faculty in two divisions, "Christians and Gorillas"; had referred to the "late Adam" in connection with fruit consumption; and pointed out that it was "not positive proof that a diploma is a wolf because it comes to you in sheep's clothing," they settled down to give him both ears, and a round of hearty applause. He concluded with the undeniable college sentiment

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that later years would find them forever in spirit for: "Old Amherst, doubtless always right, but right or wrong, Old Amherst!"

Coolidge was not Phi Beta Kappa, and, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, did not stand out in his studies. He did good work in Mathematics, English, and French. He read and pondered historical subjects,—made them a part of his equipment. The prize essay, "Principles Fought for in the American Revolution," in which he was singled out for award, in competition open to all colleges and universities, is evidence. He did not specialize, in the ordinary sense of the word. As Professor Grosvenor puts it: "He continually specialized in his own mind."

Though not athletic, Amherst's imprint on his intellect and outlook is pronounced, particularly the direction given to his mental processes by Professor Morse and Professor Charles E. Garman. Morse's teaching, according to Dean Olds, probably confirmed him in those habits of "deliberation, intellectual self-control, and a wise man's balance," which dissipates many difficult problems; while the philosophic Garman is again and again revealed in Coolidge's public addresses, says Dean Olds. Consciously or unconsciously, this teacher seems to be with him at all times. One need only instance certain salient points in Garman's teachings to make this clear to those who are familiar with "Have Faith in Massachusetts" and other public utterances of the President: "Weigh the evidence." "Process not product." "Carry all questions back to fundamental principles." "The question *How* answers the question *What*."

Furthermore, "if Coolidge's classmates could be consulted, they would surely agree on one thing about the man. The basis of his philosophy of life and the way in which he has met difficult situations in his public career was ethical."

To this we can only add the faithful description of his friend and classmate, Charles A. Andrews of Waban, Massachusetts: "In college Coolidge was quiet, retiring, but always thoughtful. In one of our first math recitations the then red-headed Professor Olds, who had not yet learned our names, put a question, looked over the class to select a victim and then said, 'My red-headed brother in the second row.' Coolidge's answer was correct and was ample for Georgie, but was so brief that it needed amplification for the rest of us. Coolidge's recitations were

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always good, but he seldom volunteered or got into the general discussion.

"His intimates were few. His participation in 'outside activities' was negligible, and yet he was neither aloof nor lonely. The acquaintance of the class with Coolidge was slow in developing, but by junior year we all knew and thoroughly respected him. Before we finished college there had developed a general and well-defined opinion that he was an unusual person whose ability would carry him far in some direction or other. But that the road he was to travel was to lead to mayoralities, legislatures, governorships, and to the presidency never occurred to any of us, I think."

At graduation Coolidge was a few days short of his twenty-third birthday. Removing his cap and gown, and folding the sheep skin within his coat, the young man crossed the Rubicon separating the plains of theory from the hard road of practice. In his case it was merely a trolley ride over the Connecticut River that winds between Amherst and Northampton.

About this time that good fortune which was ever to be his chaperon decided to take a hand in things. For one morning in September, 1905, he walked into the law office of Judge Henry P. Field, that fine old Yankee of the firm of Hammond and Field.

It happened that the Honorable John C. Hammond, senior member of the firm, had wandered through the grove at Amherst Commencement just as Coolidge, C., Class Jester, '95, was delivering his output of wit.

The next installment deals with the President's "mind in the making," and presents new and illuminating facts in connection with his record in the Massachusetts legislature

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PROTECTION AND PROSPERITY

JOHN TAYLOR ADAMS
Chairman Republican National Committee

HIGH wages and a high standard of living are made possible by a protective tariff, according to a prominent Republican who denies that the farmers' interests have suffered under the Fordney-McCumber law and argues that both labor and capital, in every business and industry, enjoy the benefits of this "American policy." There has never been a protective tariff, he says, that failed to increase our foreign trade or prosper the nation. He denies the charge of "class legislation."

THE principle of protective tariff has been known as the "American policy" since the days of Henry Clay. The Republican party from the date of its birth has been the constant advocate of that policy. Whenever it was in power it saw to it there was a protective tariff in operation. America's great industrial and agricultural development, its growth into the world's greatest power, has taken place during the sixty years of the Republican party's existence. With few exceptions of brief duration, the United States during those sixty years has been under a protective tariff. It is significant that the years of those exceptions were marked by industrial depression, hard times, and loss of foreign trade.

The tides of immigration have brought hundreds of thousands of working people to our country, attracted by a higher standard of living and better wages than prevailed in their own countries. This high standard of living of American wage-earners has been largely due to the high wages and steady employment made possible by the policy of protective tariff.

It is a favorite charge of those opposed to the principle of protective tariff that it is class legislation. Nothing is farther from the truth. The benefits flowing from a protective tariff are enjoyed by capital and labor, by agriculture, industry, and business. Such a tariff stimulates industrial production and benefits every industrial wage-earner by giving him steady and profitable employment. It benefits every enterprise selling raw material or supplies to industrial concerns. It benefits every commercial interest which sells goods consumed by wage-earners. It benefits

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agriculture, which produces foodstuffs for the wage-earner. It is a matter of common information that American working men, when steadily employed, buy more and better food than any other wage-earner in the world.

Hand in hand with the argument that a protective tariff is class legislation, is the free trade charge that such a tariff increases the cost of living. This is another argument which cannot be substantiated. The cost of living is determined by the amount of money left in the pay envelope after all the expenses of the household have been met. Under a protective tariff this amount has always been greater than the amount under free trade. There cannot possibly be any higher cost of living than that of being out of a job. It little matters to the working man how cheaply he may buy commodities if he has no money wherewith to buy. Our late President, in his first message to Congress assembled in special session April, 1921, touched upon this point in urging the enactment of a protective tariff. He said: "One who values American prosperity and maintained standards of wage and living can have no sympathy with the proposal that easy entry and a flood of imports will cheapen our costs of living. It is more likely to destroy our capacity to buy."

An apt illustration of the fallacy of this argument is furnished by the Fordney-McCumber tariff. During the long debate which preceded the enactment of that law, free-traders insistently charged that it would increase the cost of living to American consumers. The tariff became operative in September, 1922. The last report of the United States Department of Labor shows that the average wholesale price of over four hundred standard commodities in September, this year, was lower than the average price of those commodities in September, 1922. During the debate on the Fordney-McCumber bill, free-traders specifically charged that prices of linen goods and other textiles would be tremendously increased under the rates of that bill. Within the past thirty days the largest retail concerns in America have advertised linens at prices cheaper than for eight years, and are advertising other textile goods at prices lower than before the Fordney-McCumber tariff became effective.

In this connection, an effort has been made since the tariff became a law, to convince the farmer that it has resulted in higher

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costs of living to him. The best, as well as the conclusive, answer to that is the citation of the schedules of the Fordney-McCumber Act, which put agricultural implements in whole or part, and all repairs for agricultural implements, on the free list. They also put the following on the free list: binding twine, fertilizer, and all material used in the manufacture of fertilizer; building brick, cement, stone, shingles, pickets, palings, hoops, staves of wood, logs, timber, either in the rough or hewn, sawed boards, planks, and all other lumber used for building purposes; barbed wire and other wire for fencing; leather gloves, boots and shoes, harness, saddles, leather fly-nets, all goods made of leather; coal, both hard and soft, coke, compositions for coal, and other fuel of like character.

After eliminating the farmer's building material, his agricultural implements, his fencing, his binding twine, his fuel, his fertilizer, his leather goods, and all furniture and other commodities made of wood which he buys, all of which are on the free list, what is there left to charge up against the Republican tariff that would increase his living costs?

The free-traders are not particular to be consistent. While they attempt to persuade the farmer that a protective tariff is class legislation because they allege it increases the cost of manufactured goods to him, they attempt to convince the industrial wage-earner that a tariff on agricultural products is class legislation because of alleged increases in the price of food to him. What they neglect to tell the industrial employee is the very important fact that forty per cent of the manufactured products of the United States are purchased by farmers. If farmers do not prosper, then it is perfectly apparent that the industrial wage-earner suffers.

This is a country in which, as Theodore Roosevelt said, we all go up or down together. What prospers one great class of people cannot fail to benefit all classes. What destroys prosperity of the American wage-earner or the American agricultural producer undermines the prosperity of all classes and all sections, for the industrial wage-earner and the agricultural producer constitute an overwhelming majority of our people.

One of the stock arguments of the free-trader against a protective tariff is that it erects "a Chinese wall" which operates to

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keep other countries from selling to us and keeps this country from selling in foreign markets. Like every other argument advanced by free-traders, this cannot stand the acid test of application of fact. The records of our exports and imports, as taken from the Bureau of Commerce, show without any exception there has never been a protective tariff placed upon our statute books that did not increase our exports and at the same time stimulate trade of other countries with this country.

The Fordney-McCumber tariff is no exception to this rule. It became effective September 21, 1922. The report of the Department of Commerce, just issued at the time this article is written, shows our imports for the first ten months this year under the Fordney-McCumber tariff are $3,207,153,000. Our imports for the first ten months of the year 1922 under the Underwood tariff were only $2,527,153,000. In the first ten months of the year 1913, when all the world was at peace, and conditions were normal, our imports were only $1,460,334,000. The world today, under the Fordney-McCumber tariff, is selling this country more than twice as much as it did in 1913, the year the Underwood tariff was first enacted.

Turning to the exports, we find that during the first ten months of this year, under the Fordney-McCumber tariff, we sold abroad $3,342,608,000, while during the first ten months in 1922 under the Underwood Act, we sold abroad $3,107,450,000. In 1913 we sold abroad goods to the value of only $2,005,283,000.

During the last year, the free-trade school has made a terrific drive in an attempt to convince the farmer that a protective tariff does not benefit him. Figures have been quoted to show that after the enactment of the tariff, farm prices in this country declined. This is a statement of fact which is misleading because it states only half a truth. While prices of some farm products have decreased in this country since the tariff went into effect, the daily market reports, the records of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce show that prices of the same farm products in other countries decreased far more. Moreover, they show that since the protective tariff became operative, prices of farm products in this country have remained constantly higher than prices of like products in other countries. Figures published by the United States Tariff Commission show

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that after a protective tariff was enacted in behalf of the American farmer, the price of beef in this country declined eight per cent, while the price in Canada declined twenty per cent, and in South America it declined twenty-eight per cent. The official figures from the Argentine cattle market show that for over a year livestock has been selling in Argentine at from one-third to one-fourth the price obtained by cattle growers in this country. The official figures of the wheat market in Winnipeg show that ever since the protective tariff on wheat went into effect, prices of wheat in this country have averaged ten to fifteen cents a bushel higher than like grade of wheat in Canada, and in many months the difference in favor of American wheat prices was twenty to thirty cents a bushel. Figures could be cited to show the same relative conditions in the dairy product market of this country and of Scandinavian countries, Holland, and New Zealand, the potato market of this country and Canada, the market for eggs in this country and Denmark, the market for veal in this country and in New Zealand.

Summed up, the policy of protective tariff is a policy of constructive Americanism. It is an American policy because it is national, not sectional. It benefits the farmer of the Mississippi Valley as well as the manufacturer of New England. It has made this Republic economically independent. It has furnished an incentive to American initiative and inventive genius, security to the American investor, and given American labor the highest level of wages and the highest standard of living in all the world.

There never has been a protective tariff that closed a factory or threw a working man out of a job. There has never been a protective tariff that did not bring good times to all branches of industry and business, and to all classes of citizens. There has never been a protective tariff that did not increase the foreign trade of the United States. There has never been a protective tariff that did not build up, improve, and prosper the American nation and the American people.

It is not selfish to stand for this American policy. No matter what one's view may be regarding America's duty to the rest of the world, she cannot perform that duty unless she continues strong, independent, and self-reliant. We can best serve the world by building up America.

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PROTECTION FALLACIES

CORDELL HULL
Chairman Democratic National Committee

EVERY sound economic law proves the futility of such measures as the Fordney-McCumber tariff, according to Democratic opinion, which is quick to pounce on discrepancies between the professions and the practices of Republicans in dealing with this issue. In place of the present policies a program of reconstruction is advocated, embracing moderate revenue tariffs, removal of economic barriers, international finance, trade cooperation, and maintenance of healthy trading.

WHY is the tariff a subject of never-ending controversy? The true answer is, not taxation but selfishness and greed. Tariff beneficiaries never cease to demand their pound of flesh, and the helpless victims as often register bitter complaint. At present the Fordney-McCumber tariff looms large in our domestic and international economic situation, because it flies in the face of every sound economic law of today. It is not a question of a new country protecting young industries. Greed and pelf alone offer the real basis for the existing extortionate and unconscionable high tariff with its train of excesses, evils, and injustices.

The most striking truth which recent tariff history reveals is the great contrast between the *professions* and *practices* of Republicans in dealing with the tariff. They have invented many different formulas and catch-phrases to define the Republican tariff theory, such as protection of "our manufacturers," "our home industries," "our home markets," "American labor," a tariff that will equal "the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad plus a reasonable profit," and, finally, that will equal "the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad." Dominant Republicans, at the same time, have pursued a uniform but vastly different practice in applying their tariffs. Disregarding all their professed tariff theories and formulas, when in control of the government, they permit all interested manufacturers or producers,—who, as a rule, have first made large campaign contributions,—to send their lobbyists to Washington and with graft aforethought write their own high,

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arbitrary, prohibitive rates in utter defiance of every sound rule of even protective tariff taxation. Republican tariffs are thus framed, and the lobbyists departing sing with glee,

"I care not for the stars that shine,
I only know that I've got mine."

While the Fordney-McCumber Bill was pending in Congress, during 1922, the efforts to procure facts as to relative production costs proved utterly futile. Besides, the foreign exchanges were constantly and violently changing so that the drafting of a tariff measure based on any sound rules or definite cost comparisons or any consideration other than high, haphazard rates, was wholly impossible. Confronted with this dilemma, the Republicans inserted the so-called flexible tariff provisions, which were loudly proclaimed as the saving provisions that would enable the President to make such changes as would develop a scientific tariff law. These flexible clauses were branded as unconstitutional and as a fraud at the time, and have since proved entirely unworkable. It has, of course, been impossible to procure foreign costs. The present situation is that America is cursed with the most unscientific, inflexible structure of high tariff guesswork in economic history. "The very maximum rates" was the slogan. The outstanding lesson the people have learned is that Republican practice, and not profession, presents the true Republican tariff attitude. The difference between their tariff theory and practice is wide and deep, and within itself offers a complete tariff issue.

In determining a wise and sound tariff policy for the United States, following the war, a consideration of the new and changed financial, business, and economic conditions became all important. America was no longer a debtor nation. Our productive capacity had increased thirty or forty per cent over the pre-war level. Our exports had jumped from $2,428,506,000 in 1913 to $8,000,000,000 in 1920. America was the recognized financial, commercial, social, and moral leader of the world. We possessed nearly one-half of the world's gold. We had built a great merchant marine. Our productive machinery and our intelligent skilled labor were the very best. Our foodstuffs and raw materials such as cotton, copper, coal, lumber, oil, iron ore,

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and other minerals were unexcelled and almost unlimited in variety and quantity. The balance of the world was flat on its back, economically. No nation ever had such an opportunity to move forward along stable lines, financially, industrially, and economically. America only had to realize her strength and her wonderful position of advantage. Republicans flouted all these basic facts and conditions.

The situation and the best interests of the United States did not call for an impregnable tariff wall and all other economic barriers possible to erect, as was decreed by the Republican administration, but instead they strongly demanded a competitive tariff for revenue, based on the policy of the Underwood law, with moderate rates which would not destroy or seriously injure any domestic industry economically justifiable, but which would prevent domestic monopoly and excessive prices. In the light of developments here and everywhere since 1918, it is manifest that such democratic tariff-for-revenue policy alone was and is calculated to bring to America sound, stable, permanent prosperity.

The time was ripe for the removal of other trade barriers. America after the war should have called an international trade-agreement congress, if necessary to supplement other international organizations, with the object of eliminating, by mutual agreement of the commercial nations, every possible economic and trade barrier, including discriminations such as bounties, drawbacks, rebates, subsidies, subventions, Colonial preference save to a nominal extent, preferential entry to ports, monopoly of raw materials in weak and backward countries by strong nations, and all other unfair preferences and trade practices possible to be abandoned in the interest of fair and friendly trade relations and equal economic opportunities among all commercial nations. Republicans, instead of initiating this wise policy at a crucial stage, faced the other way, pursued the course of hermit isolation, and set the world example of erecting every sort of economic barriers,—an example most other nations naturally followed,—with most disastrous results.

It is interesting here to enumerate some of the economic paradoxes and contradictions which the new Republican tariff law presents. This utterly selfish and shortsighted measure was based upon the absurd theory that America could forever sell

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and not buy. McKinley exposed and condemned the fallacy as far back as 1901. It was based upon the ridiculous notion that America could develop and maintain a merchant marine which would carry freight only one way. It was based upon the blind policy that Europe and the world should pay their debts of nearly $18,000,000,000 due America, although payment can only be made in gold, goods, or services, while we have most of the gold and decline to take goods or services. It was based upon the absurdity that a great creditor nation, producing vast surpluses of foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactures which must be exported, can thrive best under a high tariff which greatly obstructs the normal flow of commerce between nations, depresses the foreign exchanges, and destroys sound reciprocal trade relations. It was based upon the pretended fear that the prostrate countries of Europe, without money, credit, foodstuffs, or raw materials, might immediately arise and inflict commercial destruction upon America, the greatest financial, commercial, and industrial giant of all time.

Among the destructive effects of the Fordney-McCumber tariff, the biggest are the twin-evils of the high cost of living and an artificially high level of the costs of production in the United States. The Republican platform of 1920 solemnly promised to reduce the high cost of living and to prosecute the profiteers. Their subsequent high tariff policy has directly resulted in artificial price increases of almost every article the American people wear or use, and has multiplied profiteers. Farm products are the chief exceptions. These high tariffs, too, have artificially enhanced the prices of almost all construction materials, the immediate effects of which are most seriously to handicap the general building business and the repairs, improvements, extensions, and equipment of railroads. The tariff is thus a prime factor in building costs and in high freight rates. It likewise increases by tens of millions the cost of farm operations by raising the prices of iron, steel, and other commodities which the farmer must use.

This artificially high level of production costs in America operates in innumerable ways to obstruct, disorganize, and dislocate our foreign trade situation. It not only prevents exchange of goods but prevents America from selling her immense surpluses

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in all lines in foreign markets in competition with other countries. The result is that America can only "dump" her surplus at reduced prices, or restrict her output to the limit of our home needs. She is already doing both. Our exports have slumped from $8,000,000,000 in 1920 to $3,840,000,000 in 1923. The inevitable outcome will be that American labor will greatly suffer from the coming curtailment of production while much capital will be unemployed. Our present volume of imports reflects a purely temporary and abnormal situation which our high tariff has considerably aggravated. This tariff largely contributed as a trade barrier to driving down the foreign exchanges, and with foreign purchases paid for in very low exchange and an artificially high American market to attract, it is clear that they assist importers to jump over our very high tariff barriers the more easily. The finance, credit, exchange, and trade facilities of most of the world have largely broken down, with our tariff a strong contributing factor, and our foreign trade situation will continue to grow worse so long as we maintain high tariffs to prevent a reasonable exchange of goods.

The fact cannot be ignored that for four years of war America ceased improvements, extensions, and construction, adopted the skimping policy, and sent her surpluses of every kind to Europe. During the past two years she has been importing not competitive manufactures, but principally raw materials in order to bring our domestic production up with our domestic consumption. Some industries already have caught up, and, for lack of foreign trade, are curtailing or shutting down. This condition will become more general from month to month. Our imports of competitive manufactures, considering the different price levels, were far less under the Underwood than under the Fordney tariff.

	(Underwood law)
Imports of manufactures nine months ending September, 1922	$484,862,000
	(Fordney law)
Imports of manufactures nine months ending September, 1923	$568,219,000

This fact destroys the chief Republican bogey.

Time overtakes even an economic falsehood. For two generations the American people have been taught that Republican high tariffs were an infallible assurance of prosperity. The truth

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is that every panic, beginning with that of 1873, has occurred either under Republican administrations or Republican legislation. The American farmers recently learned by the clearest demonstration that under Republican high tariffs, prices of most of their products went lower, their foreign markets went to pieces, while the prices of all they must buy went skyward. Farmers now realize that they were not saved from ruin by the Morrill high tariff during the panic of 1873, nor by the McKinley high tariff during the panic of 1890–1893, nor by the Dingley high tariff during the panic of 1907, nor by the farmers' high tariff during the panic of 1921–1922.

The American people have recently experienced much tariff disillusionment. They now know that every industry producing a substantial surplus must depend upon stable foreign markets and that the latter are the chief factors in fixing domestic prices in America. This desired end requires moderate tariffs, efficient production costs, and economic cooperation in order to maintain sound reciprocal trade and market conditions. In the face of Republican pretense that high tariffs increase wages, labor has discovered that brick masons, carpenters, artisans, and most other labor in the unprotected industries receive higher wages than most of that in the protected industries. In the most highly protected industries,—the textiles,—labor for forty years has received the lowest wages.

All financial, commercial, and trade developments but serve to expose the utter unsoundness of Republican post-war economic policies, both domestic and international, while they strongly confirm the wisdom and timeliness of the great Democratic reconstruction program which embraced moderate revenue tariffs, the general removal of economic barriers, international finance, credit, and trade cooperation, the maintenance of a healthy growing foreign trade, and stable domestic prosperity.

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THE ENGLISH POLITICAL SCENE

CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

WRITTEN before Mr. Baldwin's dramatic action in forcing a general election over the issue of a protective tariff, this article shows keen insight into the forces that underlie British politics. As this goes to press report comes that Mr. Masterman, at one time Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has been elected to Parliament in a Manchester division, an important victory for the Liberals. Especially notable is his prediction of Lloyd George's renewed activity and influence.

BRITISH politics were maintained at a fever-heat of excitement during the years immediately succeeding the war. It was true there was no Opposition in being, and no possibility of the immediate creation of an Opposition which could come into power. So that the ordinary play of the Party movement with the excitement accompanying the possibility of a change in government was absent for the first time for nearly a century. But on the other hand, the varying and wayward decisions of a Dictator, who was himself an opportunist, who linked himself to no consistent body of principle, and confessedly faced, with the genius of intuition rather than reason, each particular problem as it arose, provided a continual source of wonder and of speculation among men of all parties alike.

Whatever deficiencies Mr. Lloyd George may possess, at least it must be confessed that he is never dull. His mind played like a flickering flame over the chaos of the so-called European Peace. Long ago he had swallowed "all the formulas." He was equally prepared to swallow any of his own previous affirmations; and was only surprised that when he executed a smart turn, everyone else did not turn as smartly. Never did he seem more securely seated in the saddle than in the few weeks preceding his fall. That fall has been attributed to the collapse of his Near Eastern policy; to his effort, immediately checked, at war with Turkey; to his appeal to the Dominions for support, which astonished and saddened those who realized the critical position of the British Empire; and to the humiliations which culminated in the Treaty of Lausanne.

But it is evident that the destruction of the government of "all

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the talents" must be attributed to a deeper cause, and would probably have been effected even if there had been no Greek débacle in Asia Minor. This cause was in part the fact that Mr. Lloyd George himself had earned the distrust of all parties in the State alike; by his random and often contradictory affirmations as to the political future. At one time he seemed to be advocating the continuance of the Coalition, of which he was the head and moving spirit. At another time he was joining his friends, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Winston Churchill, in desire for the creation of a new "Centre Party," which should include all men of good will who were willing to work under this Triumvirate, for such reform as they deemed desirable. At another, he was throwing out feelers toward the old Liberal party, which he had attempted politically to assassinate by the use of the novel "coupon" system, in the election which succeeded the war. And at another, again, he seemed to be playing with the ideas of the advanced Labor section.

In such a general distrust it was the Conservative party which struck and struck heavily. It swept Mr. Lloyd George out of power. It swept out of power all those of their once trusted leaders who remained faithful to the late Prime Minister. It came back with an absolute majority over all other parties in the House of Commons, although representing but a minority of the electors.

But more perhaps than this distrust of Mr. Lloyd George's future, the asset of the Conservatives was the desire of the majority of the people for tranquillity and repose. No one made greater play than the late Prime Minister during the election, and no one has made greater play since in his desperate "losing engagement," with the futility of such a desire, in a world of violent upheaval and change. And yet it was this ultimate revolt of a rather slow-moving British intellect before politics which possessed all the excitement, but also all the bewilderment and weariness of a cinematograph entertainment, which caused the irresistible demand for a change.

Abroad we were alternately attacking or cajoling Russia, attacking or cajoling France, attacking or cajoling Germany. We were neglecting, or contemptuous of, or paying flattery to, the League of Nations. Britain was sinking deeper and deeper

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in a quagmire of Conferences and Councils, whose decisions were torn up almost before the ink was dry on them. At home we were passing bills one year which were repealed the next; so that in such vital questions as better housing, the improvement of agriculture, or the grappling with unemployment, no man knew from day to day what the law was, or how it would affect his own often dolorous condition.

The money interests, the commercial and trade leaders, the middle classes sorely hit by heavy taxes and the high cost of living, the poor in town and country, all alike revolted at this feverish Government of England, with its hectic legislations and repeals, seemingly (in historic words) like the effort "of some wild poet when he works without a conscience or an aim." They fell back on a demand for stability and for rest; and when a nation demands stability and rest, it puts into power a Conservative Government; without too closely scanning whether the members of such an administration possess any claim to genius or unusual talent. The result was one of the most astonishing collapses of triumphant power ever recorded since the fall of Lucifer from Heaven. At one moment Mr. Lloyd George was the master of all the big battalions, with a staple majority of some three or four hundred in the House of Commons. In the next he had been repudiated by the bulk of these very members who once had supported him; and returned with a negligible personal following of less than fifty, most of whom had only secured their seats by a definite promise that they would support the government and the men who had supplanted him.

> "But yesterday the word of Caesar might
> Have stood against the world; now lies he there
> And none so poor to do him reverence."

The government of tranquillity has been in power for nearly a year. Its authority has passed from that of Mr. Bonar Law, who had some claim from long experience of political affairs to the highest office in the State, to that of Mr. Baldwin for whom no such claim can be made. It is a Government of Under-Secretaries, led by a very honest, straightforward English gentleman but yesterday an Under-Secretary; with a mind not yet revealed as above the Under-Secretary calibre. Those who are affected by legislation at home know that even if but little legislation is

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passed, that legislation will not immediately be withdrawn almost before it has come into operation. The period of "stunts," of personal rule, of personal advertisement, of the exercise of a dominant but restless mind in connection with events that demand cautious and far-sighted treatment is for the time over.

And it is not too much to say that however much the Liberal party may have been disappointed in its failure at attaining representation in Parliament adequate either to its historic greatness or its present strength in the country; and however much the roseate dreams of a Labor or a Socialist régime have been checked by the somewhat disheartening result of many years' Labor agitation; both Liberal and Labor alike have been far more inclined to welcome the honest, if plodding and uninspired efforts of a purely Conservative Government to deal with the difficult situation created by its predecessor, than to show any desire to weep over that predecessor's defeat or to demand its return. History will probably assert that once again purely personal government on the one hand, or, on the other, a Coalition of men of divers views united only in a determination to govern Britain, has proved hostile to the genius of the British race.

Thus, for nearly a year the new government found itself in an enviable position. Criticism of its action or inaction was limited and restrained. There was still no alternative government possible. There seemed almost a possibility of its endurance, like the endurance of certain historic governments of old,—the Government of Palmerston for example, from 1859 to 1865, when all that the country desired was to be left alone without disturbance and without the severe and difficult task of thinking out right or wrong in the problems of the day. After a session of commonplace measures in which all problems of finance and social reorganization were shelved, and the promises of "the King's Speech" quietly abandoned, Parliament was dispersed. And the Ministers, headed by the Premier, disappeared to watering places in France or any other remote district in which they could take satisfactory holidays, and forget the very existence of problems which still clamored for solution.

This idyllic condition might have been prolonged indefinitely if only the world had been content to let things alone, and adopt

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a similar indifference to thought and action. Unfortunately in the conditions which have been created by the Great War, the world refuses to let things alone. And however much Ministers may bury themselves around the waters of Aix-les-Bains or in the stormy Hebrides, there are always moving forward, indifferent to their indifference, the influences of corrosion and decay. At the end of their long holiday, the Members of the Cabinet reassembled to find a litter of problems confronting them, many so complicated as to be almost insoluble, and in the aggregate of a quality to test not only the intelligence of Under-Secretaries or a Conservative creed of "letting things alone," but requiring brains more than usually active and a program more than usually courageous for the maintenance of external and internal peace

There was the problem of Europe, especially of Germany, now at length accepting the inevitable and making complete capitulation to France over the occupation of the Ruhr, which had been denounced as illegal and impolitic by Lord Curzon's famous note to Monsieur Poincaré of last August. There was the problem of the truculent Jingoism of Italy and its defiance of the League of Nations. There was the problem of Russia and its future, which Britain and Europe could neither do with, nor do without. At home, the desperate determination to enjoy the holidays common to all classes alike, with an expenditure upon holiday luxury equally in all classes unparalleled even in pre-war times, had rendered all criticism and all interest in Parliamentary problems for the moment non-existent.

But after the holidays were over and men had returned with depleted pockets to face a hard and hazardous future, these desperate problems suddenly flared into the limelight. So that a Conservative Government, elected on the promise of tranquillity, found the ground suddenly shuddering beneath its feet, as it confronted a series of discontents to which its philosophy provided no intelligible remedy. There was the demand for protection, raised by various trades, each of which wished for the enhancement of the prices of its own products in the home market by a heavy tariff on its foreign competitors; while at the same time, being undesirous of a similar enhancement of prices in other trades. Thus, the wool-makers of Bradford asked for protection against the products of Roubaix and Tourcoing, where

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the population of restored "devastated districts" are working in three shifts a day. And the silk manufacturers also desire a tariff against imported silk; and the bootmakers, one against imported boots; while at the same time, all these had no desire for an increase in the price of food. But, on the other hand, the whole agricultural community were set upon a tariff which would provide a higher price for its wheat, cereals, potatoes, and other agricultural produce, while not in the least desirous of paying more for its woolen goods, its boots, or its silk stockings.

So the country, in post-war ignorance, found itself once more plunged into that perennial controversy concerning tariffs and free trade which was thought to have been settled in favor of the latter, at least for this island kingdom, in three general elections seventeen and thirteen years ago.

Beyond, and in part outside this, remained the problem of the unemployed, an unmovable section of English industrial life which in three years has never been reduced below the number of a million and a quarter,—men, women, and boys,—registered in the Government and official Labor Exchanges as being willing to work, anxious to work, and for whom, nevertheless, no work could be found. They were less vocal than in former trade crises in which the artisan or laborer had been thrown out of occupation in vast numbers owing to the trade depression which always follows trade inflation. They were less vocal because of the new system of "doles," which, thinly disguised as Industrial Insurance or as grants from the Poor Law, kept this vast army of non-productive labor outside the workhouse and with a minimum of subsistence, under conditions in which large numbers sank into a kind of apathetic acquiescence or despair. But the doles have to be paid (in the main) by the general tax-payer or rate-payer as a kind of ransom to avert riot or revolution. The extraordinary wastefulness of such prolonged state-organized idleness was outraging alike the intelligence and the compassion of the community. And the attempts to find work through subsidized municipalities in the making of roads, parks, or cemeteries were proving utterly inadequate to the magnitude of the need.

One may add to this the social discontent created by the extraordinary inadequacy of housing accommodation both for the ex-soldiers and the ever-increasing civil population; made

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more unendurable by the flamboyant promises proclaimed after the war, of provision of universal "Homes for Heroes" and others to live in, by Mr. Lloyd George and his confederates. This discontent at the absence of work and the absence of shelter was eating away belief, not in any particular government, but in all government. You would have thought that Labor would harvest the gains of so bitter an awakening; and that in the future a Labor Government would be assured. It is indeed this misery upon which the advocates of Socialism play, which results in many sensational electoral successes. But, curiously enough, the Labor Party itself confronts the future with no very ardent optimism.

On the one hand, a noisy although ardent and self-sacrificing group of Socialists appear to the ordinary workman to have captured the Labor machinery, and to be utilizing the Trade Unions and the organized Labor Party for the advocacy of Socialist ideals. But the average English workman is probably more anti-Socialist than the workman of any community in the civilized world. He hates the state and all the interference and meddling of the state. He hates inspectors, even when these inspectors have been established for his own good. He has no wish to be drilled, organized, regimented, placed into occupations which he does not desire, made to buy only things which make for his bodily or mental welfare, with his life directed by forces outside his own control. He would rather be free than sober. He would rather be poor while maintaining his own ideas of welfare and enjoyment than well-off on condition that he has to conform in these things to the ideals of others.

So that bureaucratic Socialism is everywhere dead as a force to excite enthusiasm among the mass of the working people. And even the most ardent preachers of the downfall of the capitalistic system and its substitution by state-organized industry have to content themselves with a vision of the workman, and not the state, managing their own trades; and with the preaching of a "gradualism" which means rather experiment; and that first among monopolies like railways and mines, than any sudden establishment of the Utopia of former Socialist dreams.

On the other hand, a great trade depression such as that which has now been so prolonged and seems only likely to increase

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during the coming winter, produces an inevitable effect upon the Trade Union organizations. These Trade Unions, in three years, have fallen in numbers by over two million of the male adult population. Most of them are half-bankrupt, in part owing to ineffectual strikes, in part owing to the enormous disbursement among their members of unemployment pay. As in all similar periods of decline, they are engaged in fierce internecine war among themselves; and most of the recent strikes have been caused not by rising against Capitalism or the tyranny of the employer, but by the determination of one Union to squeeze out membership of another, in a competition at once pathetic and futile.

It is very evident therefore that the brief period of tranquillity has passed; and that the future, however, uncertain its ultimate issues, will undoubtedly exhibit again a period of storm and tempest. During the coming winter both the Opposition parties will be conducting intensive political campaigns, designed to propagate their several opinions and to obtain support for them in every town and village of Britain. The meetings of each already planned run into some thousands. It is, however, regrettable that these campaigns will probably be found in the main to consist of expounding the theory that each of these is more suitable than the other to offer an alternative government and an alternative program to a Tory dominance which, lacking both in personality and idea, could not in the normal courses of change be regarded as more than a stop-gap administration. This phenomenon, however, is not confined to Britain, but is furnishing similar perplexity and confusion in almost every nation in the world. For in town and country alike Socialism confronts Conservatism, and in every country, there is a Liberalism which obstinately refuses to die, and by dying allow the world of politics to degenerate into a naked struggle between the Haves and the Have-nots, for what Carlyle used to call "a larger share of the pig-trough."

In international affairs; in desire to restore to intelligible and decent life all the nations of the Continent of Europe, victors and vanquished alike; in support of the League of Nations as the only hope of the future; in adhesion to Free Trade and determined refusal to truckle with the impositions and corruptions of a tariff

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system; and in all immediately practical social reform in dealing with the land, the houses, and the unemployed, there is no difference between the programs of the Liberal and the Labor Party, but the mere fact that their programs are so similar and therefore appealing to the same type of mind, makes the struggle all the more bitter between them.

If there is obscurity in connection with principles, there is greater obscurity in connection with persons. The Conservatives have no leader at all who makes any appeal to the public imagination; and the cleverest Conservative minds,—Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill,—have been alienated from their party by their loyalty to Mr. Lloyd George, and are regarded by the majority with the fiercest hatred and mistrust. The Liberals have still a great figure for their leader in Mr. Asquith, who is raised by every successive revelation of pre-war and war activity to a higher pinnacle of reputation. But although full of activity, he is seventy-two years old; and he has never shown any passionate ardor in acceptance of new social ideals for the betterment of the life of the masses. His successor is "still to seek."

The Labor Party is confused in leadership between a group of intellectuals on the one hand, full of strong theories of what life should be, but distrusted by the average mind which prefers experience and more human elements than those which are worked out in bulky volumes of scientific and economic investigation; and on the other, of well-known Trade Union leaders, admirable in their knowledge of conditions of coal-mining, iron-smelting or the work of the railways, but none of whom have sufficiently captured the popular imagination as to convince the bulk of the people that they are adequate to the government and guidance of the British Empire in so desperate a period of change.

And, beyond and above all, is the problem of the future of the man who has made more enemies than any other living statesman, but who at the same time excites interest in all classes alike, and who will refuse to withdraw from the political scene or to subordinate his ideas to those of other men. Mr. Lloyd George is the doubtful coefficient which makes all mathematical calculation impossible in confronting the future of politics and in-

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dustry. It is the custom among the clubs and current gossip of London to regard him as "down and out;" so discredited as to be negligible. These clubs are making a mistake similar to that made when they said once "there was a Palmerston" or "there was a Gladstone."

Mr. Lloyd George has still the adhesion of the bulk of his fellow-countrymen in Wales; and still a tradition to which he can appeal of a remote but real interest in social reform, and of service to the nation in the Great War. His vigor and energy remain. His natural force is unabated. The more troublous the times to come, the more possible it is that he may find himself called once again to play a large part in the world of practical affairs. He is an even more disturbing factor in political prognostication concerning the future in England than was Mr. Roosevelt, before his death, concerning the future in America.

SCATHELESS

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Lord, I am humbled by the great,
For all the great have deadly foes;
There is a worm would like to eat
The heart of every perfect rose;

There is a crow would like to pick
The bones of every glory bare;
My enemies are gentle souls
And for my death they do not care.

My enemies still suffer me
And I am scatheless to this hour.
Men hunt upon the hills of time
A nobler quarry to devour.

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THE ERA OF SUPER-POWER

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

WE ARE on the brink of a neotechnic period which will cause changes in our economic development as radical as those produced by the advent of the steam engine. In a fascinating survey Mr. Kaempffert discusses schemes for centralization and national distribution of power to replace the inadequate competitive system. He gives an illuminating account of the rôle played by coal in furnishing our energy, and the necessity of avoiding the present colossal waste in its utilization.

HISTORIANS have pointed out the political trend of mankind from individualism to collectivism. Families governed by an experienced, patriarchal father; tribes dominated by a chieftain; kingdoms swayed by an all-powerful ruler,—these phases of individualistic government eventually gave way to republican and democratic collectivism. This political tendency has its industrial counterpart in a movement from individual toward mass production. What historians call the "industrial revolution" is characterized chiefly by the manner in which the necessities of life are produced and distributed, and the industrial revolution itself is the result of the steam-engine's invention and application. The steam-engine made industrial collectivism possible, and by industrial collectivism is here meant the mechanical mass-production of goods by machine-tenders rather than by the manual skill of individual craftsmen and artisans.

The significance of this industrial collectivism, as well as its future evolution, becomes obvious if we rapidly trace the history of energy; for industrialism must be interpreted chiefly in terms of energy,—the energy required for production and transportation.

Fairgreive in his *Geography and World Power* estimates that each Greek freeman in the days of Athenian splendor had five helots to do his work,—slaves who supplied the greater part of Greek mechanical energy and with whose sweat Greek civilization was constructed. The slave class in every civilized country was politically but not economically abolished. Still, muscles performed most of the world's work from the time of the Neanderthal

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man to the invention of the steam-engine. Economically the Europe of Napoleon was scarcely different from the Europe of Alexander or Julius Caesar. Like primitive savage tribes, European communities were more or less self-supporting well into the nineteenth century. If white sails, bellied by the wind, carried ships to the Indies, it was to bring back luxuries rather than the raw materials of manufacturing industries. Watt, Stephenson, Faraday, and Edison did more to change modern civilization than Caesar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon.

The engineer made Europe and America industrially collectivistic; before the steam engine they were industrially individualistic. Indeed, they could be nothing else for lack of an adequate method of transportation. In Washington's time it cost twenty dollars to haul a cord twenty miles, and five dollars to haul a barrel of flour one hundred and fifty miles. Until the railway came, transport was so intolerably slow and expensive that only luxuries of small bulk could pay the prevailing rate of sixty-three dollars a ton from London to Leeds, about ten times what it is now. No wonder that Jefferson remarked that a thousand years must elapse before the great northwest could by any possibility be settled.

With the steam engine came a dramatic transformation. The best mill of Pericles' time ground but two barrels of flour a day; a twentieth century Minneapolis mill produces many thousand barrels a day. In the early part of the nineteenth century a skilled mechanic could make about thirty needles a day; by the end of the century a machine, supervised by an unskilled girl, made five hundred thousand a day. Slave-machines were devised after the steam-engine was introduced,—slave-machines that are nothing but steel fingers, hands, fists, and arms, hundreds of times stronger, faster, and surer than human hands and arms, machines that strike blows more powerful than the hammer wielded by a Hercules, dig up tons of ore at a scoop, whisk material from place to place, fashion wood and metal for a million purposes with never-failing, uncanny, thoughtless skill.

You turn on the water in your bath; somewhere a great pumping engine sends the water gushing from the tap. Your clothes have been spun and woven in machine-driven factories. The paper on your breakfast table was made on a power-driven

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machine and printed on a power press. The food that you eat has been planted and harvested by machines made by still other machines. You ride to your office in an electric street car or a steam-driven train. You are lifted to your office by a power-driven elevator. Power brings your mail to you from distant cities. If power were suddenly cut off, you and the rest of the inhabitants of your town would starve in a few weeks, possibly a few days. Even the cold-storage food which would be your main sustenance is refrigerated by power. If the ancient Greek freeman had five slaves to labor for him, the average free-born American of today commands the machine equivalent of thirty ceaselessly working slaves, according to Gilbert and Pogue.

Vital Importance of Coal

The dominance of the machine in modern industry has given coal an economic and political importance unknown before the steam-engine was introduced. Not until the end of the eighteenth century was coal burned for any purpose but that of domestic heating and draining mines. Now nations are willing to fight for it. It has become the nucleus of modern industrial civilization. It is idle to hope that when the coal mines are exhausted the world has but to turn to its waterfalls for power. If all the potential water powers of the world were developed, if every drop of rain or flake of snow were industrially exploited, we would not be able to meet even our present demand for energy. Hence the efficient utilization of coal is a matter of national, even patriotic concern in every country. Coal is power, —mechanical power, economic power, industrial power.

It was but natural that when the modern factory was evolved to make the most of the steam-engine, we did not at once throw overboard the traditional individualistic system of producing the goods that we need. Machines made it necessary to collect workers in manufacturing communities. And yet there was no true realization of the steam-engine's engineering and economic function. Indeed, that realization could come only after Edison had built the first central station about forty years ago and begun to distribute energy electrically. Factory proprietors proceeded to utilize Watt's brilliant invention individualistically. Each bought an engine; each generated his own

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power. In a power sense, he was as individualistic as any tribal chieftain of primitive times.

If this individualistic system of generating and applying power still arrests attention, it is because of its magnitude. It is a system which is antiquated. To generate energy from individual steam-engines in 238,000 American mills and factories is ridiculously anachronistic in this alleged electrical age. Each fuming factory chimney is a monument unwittingly erected to the wasteful principle of generating energy competitively. We have been utilizing steam stupidly for at least twenty years. One hundred years hence mankind will look back with astonishment and amusement at the present method of applying the steam-engine. The individual steam-engine is now an absurdity. Suppose that we were to make the ridiculous attempt to drive a household fan with steam. Consider what is required: a boiler, a small engine, and a complicated system of pipes and valves. To start the fan we must build a fire in the furnace and boil water to drive the engine. And yet the individualistic process of converting the chemical energy of coal into a form available for thousands of machines, a process carried out in nearly every factory, is less ridiculous only because of the vast scale on which it is conducted.

The United States produces about 600,000,000 tons of coal annually. This vast amount of fuel is wastefully mined and wastefully utilized in accordance with a competitive system which considers not the common weal but the good of the individual producer and utilizer. The Director of the United States Geological Survey estimates that of every two thousand pounds of coal, six hundred are lost in the mine; thirty-one are consumed by the mine itself for the generation of energy; ninety-five are used for transportation or are lost on the way to the boiler room; four hundred and forty-six are tossed into the air through smoke-stacks; one hundred and two are wasted by heat radiation and in the ashpit; and six hundred and forty are lost in converting heat into mechanical energy. Hence, only seventy-six pounds, less than four per cent are actually utilized. A more pathetic spectacle of industrial incompetence can hardly be imagined.

To burn the contents of the corner drug store under a factory boiler is the mad equivalent of our present individualistic method

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of consuming coal only for the energy or the heat that it can be made to yield. Without destroying its fuel value, coal can be made to produce electric energy, gas, ammonium, and benzol and tar,—both of which are the source of high explosives,—dyes, drugs, photographic developers, disinfectants, and hundreds of almost indispensable compounds. If each lump of coal contained only two or three grains of gold, frantic efforts would be made at the mine to recover them. Yet the chemical values of coal are worth far more than a few grains of gold. The aggregate loss to the nation is placed by Gilbert and Pogue at over a billion dollars a year, or over ten dollars for each inhabitant of the United States.

Our whole method of mining coal is preposterously unsound. The mines now exploited can produce forty per cent more coal than the country actually needs; and yet we are constantly confronted with a coal shortage. We have too many mines, too many miners, too few cars. Worse still, there is no adequate method of storing coal to equalize seasonal demands. In 1921 miners of bituminous coal worked about one hundred and seventy days. And yet we employ one hundred thousand more miners than would be actually required if coal were continuously mined. Many mines are worked so that fifty per cent of the coal is left in the ground in such condition that it can never be recovered. The need of coal becomes most urgent when farmers are crying for cars. Such is the demand of transportation that the railroads perennially fail to meet it.

Folly of Competitive System

Coal should be made to serve three purposes. It can heat; it can yield abundant energy; it can supply the raw material for thousands of useful organic chemical products. Yet two-thirds of the coal mined is burned for the production of power, without the slightest regard for its chemical value, and only about one-sixth is intelligently and sensibly utilized as raw material for the making of coke-fuel, gas, and compounds which are the basis of coal-tar chemicals. If coal is to be rationally utilized so that it may fulfill its three prime purposes, the present individualistic, competitive system of generating steam in thousands of factories must be abolished. Competition in power generation is as pre-

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posterous in industry as competition in transportation. Because fuel represents but two per cent of the average mill's production cost, it is more convenient to add the frequent increases in the price of coal to the selling price of manufactured products than to reorganize the entire method of mining and utilizing coal. Hence, the individual manufacturer and mine-owner can not be expected to reform his practices.

Our individualistic system of burning coal for its energy in thousands of factories is duplicated by our sixty-three thousand steam locomotives,—sixty-three thousand self-supporting power plants on wheels, often crippled by cold; tied for hours to the coal-bunker, the water-tank, the roundhouse, the ashpit, and the repair-shop so that only eight hours of the twenty-four in a day are spent in useful work; wasteful in manpower, especially in mountainous regions; consuming in so-called "stand-by losses" fully one-third of the coal that they burn; and incurably inefficient because of the limitations imposed by track-gauges, wheel-bases, and axle-weights. Like an Arctic explorer, the locomotive must carry its own provender.

The railroads of the country pay annually three-quarters of a million dollars for coal, but of all the vast amount of fuel that their puffing, clumsy locomotives consume, only fifteen per cent is actually utilized in the form of energy; and of this fifteen per cent, one-third is wasted in hauling the coal itself. Not only does coal constitute one-third of the present freight load of the railroads, but they themselves consume about one-third of the coal annually mined. The weight of the coal transported exceeds the combined weight of wheat, corn, oats, hay, lumber, steel, and iron ore transported by rail. This anomaly is partly responsible for the rotting of foodstuffs on farms for lack of adequate transportations. The demand for coal is increasing at the rate of about fifty million tons a year. As a result the railroads must eventually collapse if they continue to rely on steam locomotion and to haul coal for their own consumption and for every factory and home. To the coal that now constitutes the bulk of their freight must be added the growing output of industries consuming more and more hauled fuel.

The problem of transportation cannot be solved by ordering steam-engines of greater and greater power, laying heavier rails,

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revising grades, and installing airbrakes on freight trains. Each new branch line, each new track feeds more products to the congested main line. Something is radically wrong with an industrial system which finds it no difficult task to furnish the spices of India to a remote village in Missouri but which is too inert to change its antiquated method of supplying itself with power.

Neotechnic Era Dawning

We have now before us a fairly accurate picture of the pass to which we have been brought by clinging to the traditional, individualistic, competitive system of manufacturing power in small quantities by wastefully burning coal under boilers with no regard for its chemical value and by hauling its much needed energy in solid black lumps. An industrial civilization, such as ours, entails the separation of production from consumption in time and location. What is clearly needed is a system which will make it unnecessary for manufacturers and railroads to produce their own energy, a system which will make the generation of energy an industry in itself. No wonder that so trenchant a commentator as Wells should boldly declare that our employment of the gifts of science have been "vulgar, tawdry, stupid, or horrible." No collection of insulting appellations can exaggerate the debauchery that attends our present methods of generating energy.

Only electricity can meet the modern industrial and transportation requirements. A beginning has already been made by a few thousand water-power and coal-burning electric plants. But the water-power plants are still operated on the individualistic principle insofar as they furnish power only for limited areas and the coal-burning electric plants make no attempt to save the chemical values of the coal that they so prodigally burn. Electricity is energy which has no weight and which requires only a wire for its instantaneous transportation. The water-power and coal-burning stations that now supply it mark the transition from the paleotechnic to the neotechnic era. Electricity is the only form of energy which can be cheaply transmitted to great distances and distributed to meet any demand from that of a small fan-motor to the heavy machines of a factory. The large factories of the world are mass producers of tangible products.

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What the engineer hopes to give us is the mass generation of electrical energy. It is just beginning to dawn upon us that it is the true function of the steam-engine not to supply power inefficiently at the place of consumption but to convert the chemical energy of coal into electrical energy at the mine-mouth for transmission and distribution. We are still in the paleotechnic age; the neotechnic era is about to dawn.

We have in the "super-power system," proposed by Mr. W. S. Murray and sponsored by the Federal Government itself, an indication of what the neotechnic era will eventually mean. The essence of the Murray plan is the generation of energy at its source and its transmission by wire instead of by rail from that source. Mr. Murray contemplates what may be called the banking or pooling of electric energy generated by great stations located either where water power is available or at the mine mouth. The stations will all be electrically connected so that an excess of energy in one district can be projected to another region where it is needed. The fuel would be not raw coal, where solid fuel must be consumed, but gas or a coke-like form of coal from which all chemical values have been extracted,—gas, ammonia, benzol, and the various substances that constitute the raw material of the coal-tar industry.

If the Murray plan is carried out, we shall conserve about fifty million tons of coal yearly, in the region that extends from Boston to the District of Columbia and inland as far as Harrisburg and Utica,—the Murray super-power area. For an additional capital outlay of $1,250,000,000, an annual saving of $500,000,000 could be effected. In this area about seventeen million horsepower is now produced by direct steam and individual plants, about twelve million of which could be transferred to the central stations with great economy. At present, the installed power-producing machinery in the super-power zone is about seven times the total consumption,—evidence enough of waste.

Probably not more than one-quarter of the energy in the super-power zone would be developed by falling water, simply because water power is not plentiful in the region studied by Mr. Murray. But whether coal or falling water is the source of energy, the central stations would still be electrically connected.

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The system would be highly elastic. Power would become as liquid as water.

This pooling or banking of power has become possible by the tremendous advance that has been made of late years in the transmission of electric energy at high voltages. Today energy is developed in the Sierras and transmitted two hundred miles to Los Angeles.

Enormous Saving Possible

If a few central stations constructed at the coal mine or the waterfall are to take the place of the thousands of steam-engines and the many smaller central stations that now dot the Murray super-power area, if these central stations are to pool their energy so that it can be flashed hither and thither to meet sudden demands, the electric utility companies themselves would save annually $230,000,000, which sum includes $40,000,000 to be written off annually to amortize the investment in old stations no longer capable of meeting requirements. Of the thirty-six thousand miles of railroad which could be electrically driven in the area, nineteen thousand would return an average of fourteen per cent on the investment. Some 96,000 factories and mills lie within the super-power zone, and of these 76,000 use or could use electricity. The investment necessary to electrify the plants within the super-power zone would be $180,000,000; but the annual saving over steam would be $190,000,000. The combined capital investment to care for necessary load growths would amount to $1,294,540,000 by 1930, and the yield on this investment would be thirty-three per cent annually.

To finance the Murray super-power project is a formidable but not an insuperable difficulty. The super-power organization will exchange its securities for those of the smaller utility companies which will be reduced to the status of power distributors. But this will not provide the huge sums still required for the building of new stations and transmission lines. To find this capital, stock must be sold in the open market.

A parallel of the Murray project is perhaps to be found in the packing industry. No butcher now kills steers, sheep, or pigs. He leaves that to the great packing houses of Chicago and Omaha. He receives from them only salable meat, with little

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waste. The many by-products for which he formerly found little use are converted into hundreds of useful soaps, extracts, lard, by the packing house.

Like the packing house, the super-power stations will not retail. The present central stations will cease to exist as power producers. They will receive wholesale energy from some super-power station and retail it to the homes and factories in their districts. The many factories which they will serve will not only buy energy at a price far lower than that at which it could be developed by their inefficient boilers and engines, but the capital locked up in engines will be released for commercial expansion. The stations built before super-power was conceived and reduced to the form of a working plan will be retained for the time being and interconnected. Electrical engineering develops so rapidly that they will soon become obsolete. They will be abandoned as soon as they become unprofitable and their places will be taken by new stations built near the coal mines or near waterfalls.

It will be impossible, at least for some years, to dispense with coal for domestic heating, and about twenty per cent of the coal mined is thus consumed. Still the saving in tonnage would be tremendous. Moreover, the fuel burned in domestic stoves and furnaces could well be an anthracite-like variety of coke from which useful chemical compounds have been distilled.

Here we have a project which contemplates the complete and efficient utilization of coal, which will abolish the outworn traditional method of generating energy individualistically and competitively, which will relieve the railroads within the area affected of a needless burden, which will radically transform the transportation and manufacturing methods of the more densely populated section of the country. It is a project of such economical importance that President Harding commended it to the attention of Congress and Secretary Hoover gave it his powerful support. That it must be carried out is a foregone conclusion. The entire engineering profession endorses it. Economy of operation demands the separation of power production from the industry by which power is used.

And yet, if we are to become nationally and not merely sectionally neotechnic, the plan must be broadened in scope; the whole country must be divided into super-power zones, each with

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a few interconnected, highly efficient hydro-electric and fuel-burning stations. Even for this more grandiose project a rough plan has already been created by Mr. Frank G. Baum. If the super-power idea were carried out all over the country, unified electrification would add annually over a billion dollars to the country's wealth and would save two hundred million tons of the coal mined annually. The whole country would be enmeshed in copper arteries that would tap reservoirs, lakes, veritable oceans of energy.

Nation-Wide Electrification

Imagine what this will mean. At strategic points power-dispatchers will be located, each housed in a structure which is not a generating but a power-distributing station with a great switchboard as its main equipment.

From every community within a radius of hundreds of miles come frequent reports by telegraph or telephone. New York needs two hundred thousand kilowatts at once; a thunderstorm has turned day into night, and every electric lamp will be in use. The dispatcher at Binghamton throws a switch or two and shoots to New York power from Niagara Falls, where the sun happens to be shining brightly and where there is an excess of energy. Philadelphia will want more power about five o'clock for its street-cars, which are beginning at that hour to transport hundreds of thousands to their homes. The factories of the Susquehanna region are beginning to close at that time; the throwing of more switches diverts its power to Philadelphia. If Susquehanna needs energy itself because it is working overtime, there are other regions to fall back upon. It is picked up here from a steam plant in Newark, there from a hydro-electric plant in the Adirondacks and turned into the trolley cars of Philadelphia.

Thus the power-dispatcher will draw upon the Potomac, the Delaware, for hydro-electric power, and to great steam-driven power plants in Pennsylvania and West Virginia at the mouths of coal mines. And all over the country, at St. Louis, Los Angeles, Chicago, it will be the same,—a few trained men, with eyes glued on the lights of switchboards, controlling the energy distribution of a nation. It will require no inordinate exercise of the imagination on the dispatcher's part to visualize the rise and

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fall of industrial activity as the working day waxes and wanes. The industrial life of hundreds of communities, small and large, will unfold itself to him from hour to hour.

But what will happen to you and me,—plain citizens?

The coal industry will be stabilized because the great electric stations will operate every day. Our coal worries will be at an end. Living will be cheaper; for, while food costs in the cities have mounted forty-two per cent in the last decade, housing costs sixty-two per cent, clothing costs seventy-four per cent, furniture costs one hundred and seventeen per cent, the cost of electric power has actually dropped and will drop still lower as more highly efficient electric energy and methods of transmission are employed by the interlocked central stations.

Hitherto industries have clustered near coal supplies. That they will be disintegrated and spread over the entire country is hardly to be expected. But new factories are more likely to be erected where land is cheap and transportation easy, rather than in cities already overcrowded. The evidence is already at hand. Whenever a one hundred thousand horsepower hydro-electric station is constructed, this is what happens in a western mining and agricultural district:

60,000 persons buy and use current.

1,300 persons are employed in the electric industry who receive salaries amounting to $2,000,000 annually.

9,000 miles of wire are strung.

$37,500,000 are invested in generating plants, and in transmission and distribution equipment.

25,000 homes are electrified in which 100,000 people live.

240 miles of railway are operated representing an investment of $27,600,000, employing 1,200 men and women, carrying 45,000,000 passengers annually, and spending $413,375,000 annually.

Mines and production plants are opened which produce ore worth $18,000,000 annually and employ 4,000 miners.

1,300 factories are started in which $100,000,000 are invested and in which 27,000 operatives are employed who produce goods worth $140,000,000 annually.

125,000 acres of land are irrigated, resulting in the expenditure of $6,250,000 for improvements and producing annually $9,500,000 worth of crops and employing 5,000 farmers and laborers.

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Electrical banks from which energy can be drawn at will in any amount, transmission lines threading the whole country and reaching even into remote villages, electric energy utilized for domestic and industrial purposes still undreamed of, must result in an extraordinary coordination of industry and agriculture, a coordination which means progress that can be only dimly comprehended even by far-seeing economists and engineers. Steinmetz even maintained that by the year 2200 no one would work more than two hundred four-hour days in the year.

Old cities will change in outward aspect. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, are older than electricity, but as we know them today, they are electrical creations. The electric lights of cities, their push-button comforts and conveniences, their machine character will become more and more apparent.

The householders of the future will wonder why their ancestors ever broke their backs shoveling coal. While there is some doubt whether even the interlinking of central stations will so far reduce the cost of electrical energy that coal and gas will cease to be household fuels, there is some reason to believe that electricity can be drawn from regional pools at a price so low that, according to Steinmetz, it will hardly pay to install and read current meters. On the whole, it seems likely that coal and gas will cease to be domestic fuels. Neat, white electric ranges, equipped with thermometers and heat screens, will reduce cooking to a pleasant light occupation. The servant class will all but vanish. To the washing machine, vacuum cleaner, and electric iron will be added a hundred appliances of which we can form no conception. In the cities we shall live in automatic apartment house; in the suburbs in completely electrified homes. Even domestic architecture will be influenced by the nation-wide utilization of electricity. Chimneys will grace only a few old and romantically picturesque houses built some time before 1950.

When we appraise the merit of the various proposals that are made to alleviate the appalling condition of our teeming cities, it becomes glaringly apparent that so far from having mastered coal, we have in reality been enslaved by it. Only one who has no clear comprehension of the consequences that have followed the individualistic system of generating and utilizing energy can seriously maintain that we have only to double-deck our streets,

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build tenements so designed that more people can be herded into them without endangering the public health, bore underground to build more tubes for perspiring throngs, devise new methods of controlling streams of automobiles. For these are but palliatives. They hardly touch the main issue.

Pooling of Power in the Future

Centralization has been accelerated by the individual factory coal pile, the individual factory steam-engine. Decentralization will follow the generation and distribution of electrical energy as a separate enterprise, and decentralization will be attained by power pools. Ford, the mass producer *par excellence*, himself sees the day coming when the most economical manufacturing will be that "in which the whole of an article will not be made under one roof,—unless, of course, it be something very simple. In the future each part will be produced where it can be best made, and the parts will then be assembled into complete units at the points of consumption." That will be realized by pooled power. Manufacturing will be carried on where raw materials are at hand rather than where railroads or navigable streams meet in some ganglion of brick and stone, from which it follows that large cities will cease to drain the small towns and farms. The pall of smoke that hangs over many an industrial community of the present day will disappear. Streets will be comparatively free from refuse.

The grotesquely inadequate steam-locomotive will be entirely abolished. Even during the high-cost year of 1919 the electric locomotives of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, weighing nearly three hundred tons and traveling some sixty thousand miles a year were maintained at less than one-third the cost of heavy Mallet steam locomotives of equal tractive power. The railroads of the future will haul more freight with one electric locomotive than they can now haul with two steam engines, with the result that the annual agricultural clamor for cars will no longer be heard at harvesting time, and farm produce will no longer be allowed to rot while cities pay exorbitant prices for foodstuffs.

Light freight trains will travel at the speed of present local passenger trains. Operating divisions will be lengthened from the

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present one hundred miles to two hundred, even four hundred miles. An electric locomotive will easily run from New York to Boston and back in a day,—a total distance of four hundred and fifty miles. The passenger and income producing freight tonnage of the United States will be hauled by electric locomotives with a consumption of but one-third of the coal now burned under steam locomotive boilers.

Entirely new chemical industries will spring up. Electricity enables the engineer to capture matter, to change it, to coerce it. Hence, we may expect an almost magical development of electro-chemistry, when pooled energy is plentiful and cheap. Iron can be reduced from its ores in the blast furnace by the chemical energy of coal, but aluminum, calcium, and many other metals cannot. When the Niagara Falls Power Company began tunneling about 1891, not one of the companies now dependent on Niagara power was in existence. Moreover, not one of the products of these companies was then known to commerce,—products such as aluminum, carborundum, alundum, silicon, artificial graphite, calcium carbide, cyanamide, ferrosilicon, ferrochormium, ferrmanganese, and similar compounds of iron, and other metals. In the future, constituents will be electrically split and melted from substances that must now be thrown upon the dump heap.

We stand on the brink of the neotechnic period in our economic development. The consequences of segregating the production of power can scarcely be exaggerated. The change that will follow the abandonment of thousands of individual steam-engines will be as marked as that which followed the introduction of the steam-engine itself. The technical structure of our contemporary civilization will be radically transformed. What the flaming hearth has been to the family, electric energy is destined to become to the nation; for as the crackling flames knit the family together, electricity generated in a few huge central stations and distributed to every home and factory will knit city and hamlet together.

The steam-engine is the symbol of the nineteenth century; the electric motor is destined to be the symbol of the neotechnic twentieth century.

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CULTURE FOR UNWILLING STUDENTS

ARTHUR CORNING WHITE

SHOULD colleges advertise the fact that they exist for the purpose of disseminating culture? Most sub-freshmen seem to be under a misapprehension that colleges are a glorified combination of country club and vocational training school. The experience of this professor is that very few students go to college for the sake of obtaining a liberal education. This fact seems to be at the base of the dissatisfaction with our system of higher learning voiced both by undergraduates and by educators.

PATRICK HENRY, our eloquent forefather, in common with most orators, not only of the then, but also of the now, was wont to enunciate, in all seriousness, platitudes whose obvious bathos was equalled only by their truth. "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past" is like saying with a perfectly straight face, "Water is wet." Yet despite the evident verity of the former, how few of our million of gentle optimists will even seriously consider it, to say nothing of believing it? The magazines scintillate with articles intending to show that the colleges are not giving the students what the students want. What the students want! Many writers have made wild guesses on this head.

Now I wish to advance a platitude fully as banal from its utter obviousness as this memorable epigram of Patrick Henry's, and just as little accepted. I know of no better way to find out what the American college student wants than to ask him. Then we shall be able the better to decide whether or not we are giving him what he wants and whether what he wants is worth giving him at all. This is fundamental and should precede any discussion as to curriculum and methods of instruction.

That all is not well with our colleges, anyone who has anything at all to do with them will readily admit. In those few institutions where the generally chronic malady of intellectual atrophy is only spasmodic, one finds new committees being created to devise new courses of study, to suggest new methods of conducting classes, to investigate the feasibility of the tutorial system, and so on; frequent indignation meetings of the faculty to discuss the distressing problem of undergraduate indifference

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to things intellectual; protests from the antique members that if we will only keep quiet and let well enough alone, everything will come out right, according to God's will, in the end; and frantic cabals of the young instructors in which we learn that it's all a question of faculty salaries.

But these always come to one conclusion. And this is an actual example of the logic by which this touching conclusion is reached. A few nights ago I heard an erudite professor reason: "The difficulty is simple; and I am confident that our students' distaste for intellectual interests can easily be remedied. I have found we accomplish nothing by class discussions. If you let one empty-headed student argue a point with another empty-headed student, you get nowhere. What we need is a return to the lecture method. I predict we shall return to it. I am very hopeful." In other words, though two empty-headed students, though a whole class of empty-headed students, give the professor no intelligent answers, they do give him an optimism, naive and quite touching.

I am in hearty sympathy with a searching scrutiny of our courses and our methods of teaching, but I repeat these are auxiliary, not basic in our problem. If I remember rightly, it was Carlyle who said the true university is a collection of books. I myself believe that the real value of college education for a student lies less in his required courses than in his voluntary reading. And our students don't read. The reasons they don't read are not because we don't teach them properly; the reasons are more fundamental than this.

If an American college educates its students today, it is absolutely in defiance of the students themselves. This is the main trouble with our colleges. The students go to college for everything but what the college exists to give them,—an education. Our problem is fundamentally a problem of student attitude.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries American college students were recruited mainly from the professional class. They came from homes which, albeit often in the throttling clutch of Puritanism, still possessed some slight degree of culture and a wholesome respect for abstract knowledge. In our own day, however, all that is changed; the colleges have increased

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in both number and size almost beyond comprehension. This increase has not in proportion been an increase of students from the professional class, but from the mercantile class, mainly from the petty mercantile class. Very good sort of people, you know, but not in the slightest degree cultured. Because a family owns a Victrola and buys the record, "Sextette from Lucia," at the invitation of an advertisement, does not mean that the family understands music. It generally means that you have one more case of "crowd-mindedness." It means that the man next door probably has the same record too, and probably appreciates it just as little.

The colleges today are deluged with students to whom real culture, a pleasure in knowledge for its own sake, is as foreign as the aesthetic sense to a Methodist clergyman.

I know of many cases in which families have positively resented an instructor's stimulating intellectual interests and appreciation of books in their sons. They didn't send the boy to college to read Balzac, or George Moore. They did not know such authors existed. They sent their boy to college because all the other families in their golf club were also sending their sons to college.

Now it is true occasionally, after his first two years in college have been entirely wasted, a student catches on to the idea of education, and by commencement has learned what any sophomore should know. It is because of these rare cases that the faces of gentle college professors sometimes beam with a certain fatuous brightness. But these cases are few. And in any event this boy's first two years have netted him nothing.

In the last twelve years I have studied in five American universities and have taught in three. I have always asked students why they were there. Several times I have required them to write themes of this subject. Their answers have always been delightfully ingenuous and, I believe, true. With a few inevitable exceptions, students come to college today for four reasons, no one of which has the least bearing on the acquisition of a liberal education.

The students tell me they go to college to make friends, to enjoy the social advantages a college affords (such, for example, as dancing), to take part in athletics, and to secure some practical information which will assist them to make more money in busi-

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ness when they get out. In other words, these young men regard college as a glorified combination of country club and vocational school. This is what they want.

Now, although most of the state universities have made frantic, conscious efforts to satisfy this demand, to offer courses in the preparation of a duck for the oven or a third rate story for the silver screen, a few of the old, endowed colleges in the east, still cling pathetically to the illusion that they exist for the purpose of giving their students a liberal education, and the faculties of these last run hither and thither, pass recommendations, shriek and beat the air, because for the first two years they experience difficulty in thrusting upon their students exactly what, of all things, the students do not want.

And there is something to be said for the student point of view. If a student goes to college with the idea that the faculty is primarily interested in encouraging him to make a thousand friends, to week-end in New York for a series of intercollegiate dances at the Ritz, to wear himself out every afternoon on the gridiron or track so that he can't study in the evening, to teach him a sure-fire method of selling life insurance, he may well be indignant when he discovers that none of these things is the main concern of the official life of the institution to which he has been lured, but that the main concern is with something absolutely different, with something of which even the very existence is a shock to him, with the affording him the opportunity of a liberal education.

Of the idea that a man can wish to know things merely for the pleasure of making his own life-experience and that of others richer, the college freshman has never even heard. Of the idea that to know the truth and beauty in the world is pleasant in itself and may possibly be made profitable in effecting a balance between the conflicting forces of life to the greater happiness of us all, he has not even an intuition. That some men will read books which have no immediate relation to the particular branch of commerce they expect to enter seems to him perfect folly. This is the average American undergraduate of today. Like most healthy young men, he is a good fellow. But the only respect in which he is differentiated from his less fortunate brother who wears overalls and nails up packing cases in a factory, is by

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the fact that he has more money, or has come from an environment in which money is relatively more plentiful. In intellectual attitude he is entirely the same, and in manners and morals not so different as one might suppose.

The reasons why the student goes to college with the discouragingly indifferent attitude toward the best thing the college can offer him are few and almost self-evident. I have mentioned already the character of the home from which he comes, its utter lack of culture. Then the college alumni are largely at fault. Though a few alumni, in contrast to the great majority who are interested only in athletics and the preservation of the dear old traditions,—such as hazing the freshmen,—are genuinely solicitous for the preservation of the intellectual life of their college, they do not, when encouraging prospective students to go there, ever stress this aspect. Scholarship does not, it is true, furnish such enlivening matter for conversation as the story of how a certain gentleman, now a supreme court justice, filled the chapel organ with alarm clocks, or how the old team, entirely because of a spirit peculiar to that particular institution of higher education, were able to score three touchdowns against the traditional rival in the last eight minutes of play. If a sub-freshman doesn't learn from his parents that a college exists for the purpose of educating him liberally, he seldom learns it from an alumnus.

And finally, the colleges themselves are largely at fault. They make comparatively little effort to place their educational purposes and activities before the public from which their students come. The presses groan under stories of track, baseball, football achievements, of million-dollar stadiums, of dramatics, dances, and glee club concerts, but they are untouched by articles explaining the new plan for student selection of major courses, of the reorganization of these courses and why, of change in teaching methods, and of other infinite activities which make up the serious side of college life.

And it is not because the public won't read such material. It is not because newspapers refuse to print it. It is because the public is not clamoring for it, because, for this reason, the newspapers are not spending money to secure it, and because the colleges, still in a sort of nineteenth century unawareness to the changes of this century, do not take the trouble to organize

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adequate publicity bureaus to take care of their advertising. The anti-saloon league issues propaganda, the breweries issue propaganda, the churches issue propaganda, all organizations except the colleges issue propaganda.

The colleges think that because they get more students than they can handle they need not advertise their purposes. But there are not nearly enough students who go to college for what the colleges exist to give. The colleges should make a concerted effort to educate the public to appreciate the purposes of education.

This might result in the applications for admission decreasing to a number approaching that which the colleges are actually equipped to handle. This certainly would be some gain. At any rate, the colleges would not be receiving students under false pretenses, as they are now, and students would have a more sensible conception of what college really is.

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ANNIE VIVANTI

By Ruth Shepard Phelps

AN ITALIAN woman with a cosmopolitan background, remarkable literary talent, a captivating personality, and a genuine sense of humor is so pleasantly portrayed in this essay that many American readers who had not even heard the name Annie Vivanti will be curious to follow up the present introduction by reading some of her work, either in the original or in translation. Miss Phelps has translated some very appetizing samples and included them in a critical survey.

IN THE year 1890 there came to Carducci's house in Bologna, alone with her English governess, a girl of twenty-one with blue flowers on her hat, who sent up word to the poet that she had come from a distance to see him. His servant returned presently with the message that his master was not King Solomon. In the end, however, Carducci consented to see the young Sheban, and, as all the world knows, ended by granting her preposterous request for a preface to her volume of verses, which Treves Brothers of Milan had refused to print unless she got one. This must have been a condition about as likely of fulfilment as those the cruel stepmother used always to be making in the German fairy tales, since, as Carducci says in the first sentence of it, "In my poetic creed it is written that women and priests cannot write poetry;" but Annie Vivanti's verses made him hasten to find a place for her among women poets, just a little lower than the three authentic angels whom he had hitherto accepted,—Sappho (no less), Marcelline Desbordes-Valmore, and Mrs. Browning.

In a review of the book after it finally came out, he mentioned her want of form (but hardly as if this were a defect, artist though he was), and advised her not to trade upon the extraordinary girlish success of a book written without study, without reading, almost as naturally as a bird sings. He reminded her that an author can write but one such book, and that she must beware of trying to repeat or imitate herself. Annie Vivanti took his advice so seriously that save for a slight autobiographic novel published a few months after *Lirica*, she held her peace for twenty years.

Annie Vivanti was born in London. Her father, Anselmo

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Vivanti, had been a conspirator and Garibaldino who wore the red shirt in 1860, and once at least received that death sentence from the Austrian Government, which was equivalent in those days to a certificate of patriotism. As one of them once said to the writer, "We thought nothing of death in those days, *Signorina*. We thought only of the *bel discorso* we intended to make from the scaffold!" Her mother was German, of the cultivated family of Lindau. One of her brothers, Rodolfo Lindau, secretary of the German embassy at Paris, was the friend of both Thiers and Bismarck, and wrote novels in French and in English; the other was Paul Lindau, a dramatist and critic who lived in Paris and was dear to George Sand; her niece was a popular authoress, who received the honors of translation, while she herself wrote smooth tranquil verses in English and German, and had a kind of German salon during the London years.

When she was nine, they removed to Italy, and three years later her adored mother died. She was sent up into Switzerland, then to London, and even to New York, until homesickness drove her back to Italy. There she had been for three years when Treves Brothers bade her get her preface from Carducci, and her own brother Italo, reassuring her as to the poet's being still alive, encouraged her to make the attempt. She had supposed the great Carducci was as dead as Milton. As he said to her once, years later, "Restful to me is thy ignorance!"

Here are a few of the poems she took with her to Bologna. It is not difficult to see why, as the work of a girl in her 'teens, and thirty years ago, Carducci was struck with them, but if we compare them with the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* or the *Idylles*, it is easy to see, though evidently Carducci did not see, that they are inferior in two qualities almost indispensable to poetry,—intensity and sincerity. With "the sweet apple reddening upon the topmost bough" it would never occur to most people to compare them at all. Although Annie Vivanti had apparently read little or nothing, still the poems of "Lorenzo Stecchetti" and the "Countess Lara" had been in print for a decade or so, the air must have been full of them, and these poems evidently owe something to the fact that Annie Vivanti was their contemporary. A girlish diabolism in them is the opposite pole to a girlish sentimentalism, and both could find ancestry in the two older poets.

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She is of the newer generation in this, however, that to her personal confessions she does not hesitate to sign her own name. Her volume leads off with *Ego* and follows it with *New!* and all these verses announce a wit and fire which are what make the charm of her maturer books.

EGO

O World, old guardian of your custom-house,
  Like a good Christian take your toll of me.
Your penalties may be severe and just,
  For I don't mean to give you any fee.

O astute World, I carry contraband.
  I'll trick you if I can and spare my purse.
I've no tobacco, liquors nor cigars,
  No alcoholic spirits: only verse!

The old World opened wide his thousand eyes;
  And cried, "Now what's your business? What's your name?
Of what religion are you? From what land?
  How old are you? Where going, and whence came?"

"You ask my country? I can only say
  I have none. Or it is the earth.
A German mother, an Italian sire—
  But England was the country of my birth.

"And my religion? Well, I go to Mass,
  The music pleases me, uplifts me too;
But then I was baptized a Protestant,
  And have the name and profile of a Jew.

"How old am I? Not yet quite twenty years.
  My purpose? None. At life I fling my glove.
What seek I? Nothing. I await my fate,
  And laugh and sing and weep, and fall in love.

"And Earth and Heaven, Paradise and Hell,
  I brush all with imagination's wings!
I ask no more. Impetuous and strange,
  My life takes new roads seeking out new things.

"It flees the darkness, it believes in light,
  My strong, calm, faithful soul trusts to the breath
Of Inspiration. Whither? What is life?
  These mighty problems will be solved by death."

NEW!

I will not sing old songs of love's soft hours,
  Eternal April, white light of the moon;
I'm sick of the blue skies and stars and flowers,
  The breeze, the little boats, and the lagoon!

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I'm sick of serenades and mandolins,
  Of pallid pages and of blonde coquettes,
That crowd of sad and sickly manikins
  Who only live in odes and canzonets.

I want a new song, desperate and strong,
  Contemptuous of rules, disdaining rhyme;
I want a love that turns death to a song,
  And genius, with its lunacy sublime! . . .

IN A FEW WEEKS

In a few weeks when I stop loving you,
  I shall have back my old impertinent smile,
  I shall have back my perfidy and guile,
And make men fall in love, as hitherto.

In a few weeks when I stop loving you,
  I'll take up my old ways without regret,
  Contented to avoid you and forget,
Serene, oblivious, without adieu.

In a few weeks when I stop loving you,
  If I encounter you, severe and pale,
  I'll pass you by without a word or hail,
Bright-eyed, light-hearted, on the avenue.

To love today and to forget tomorrow,
  Such is my fate. Then reap this hour's gain,
The flower of my kisses, the sweet sorrow
  And sweet enchantment of love's joy and pain.

No, no, do not turn pale. Kiss me again!

WHO KNOWS?

The long night has refused me any sleep.
  At last the dawn grows red,
And up the eastern sky the gold beams creep,
  And every star is dead.

Who knows if it be true that there above
  Dwells God, to love and dread?
I think of you, and of your faithless love,
  And of my mother, dead.

AVE ALBION!

England! dark, chilly, misty English strand,
  Abhorrèd country wherein I had birth,
  With all thy sleepy folk of solid worth,
May God forsake thee, cursèd English land!

O English husbands, thin and pink and tall!
  O melancholy misses with gold hair,
  Is it the climate dulls and chills you there,
Long bundles, with umbrella and a shawl?

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O wise folk, with affections calm, controlled,
  Whose laughter is well-bred, whose speech is low,
  Give me some sunshine, give me the fire's glow,
Accursèd English folk that are so cold!

Give me wild love, give me a furious hate,
  Quick vengeance of the South, come ill or weal!
  The flash of angry looks, the flash of steel,
Mad anger, with forgiveness never late!

Give me the easy laugh, the stormy tears,
  The speech of my Italia sweet and glad;
  Carry away wrapped in your shawls of plaid
Your stiff, conventional and false ideas.

O English, with your colds! I'd have you know
  Your miry land will not lodge me again.
  O tiresome people of eternal rain,
Go on your big feet to perdition,—go!

Every now and then someone says again, with a certain air of smartness as if he were making a new joke, that there are so many books nowadays that it begins to be a distinction not to have written one. The joker has failed to distinguish between writing a book and publishing one. There are far more books being published than were ever written. Organized book-production is not writing, providing the raw material for someone else to put a book together out of is not writing, issuing reports and statistics and text-books is not writing. But when someone appears who with the gift of personality has also the gift of words, then a book is written, and it will not be mistaken for anything else than the work of art it is.

Such a book was Annie Vivanti's *The Devourers*, the novel which in 1910 broke her long silence. But her voice, unlike Virgil's when he came to the rescue of Dante in the wood, was not hoarse from long disuse. It was clearer than ever. Carducci had recognized in the young poetess a lyric temperament,—"a very rare thing in woman,"—and at that time it would not have occurred to either of them to suppose it was not at its best in verse. And indeed Annie Vivanti's poems have had high praise. Not only did Carducci write the famous Preface, and an admiring review; Brandes has translated them into Danish, Paul Heyse into German, Jaroslav Vrchlicky (whatever idea of compliment that may convey to the learned) into Czech.

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But Croce and Papini hang back. Papini, however, since he can tolerate no one but Leonardo da Vinci, and has had to make even him over and edit him for private use, we may dismiss as being a little too hard to please. Besides, it is next to impossible for him to discern literary excellence in a woman. Croce gives us a hint that is more serviceable, when he says that in *Lirica* Annie Vivanti sees herself, or is desirous of seeing herself, as Carmen. It is true that the sum total of her poems seems to paint her as the "fatal" woman, forever *insouciante*, intense but capricious, who enjoys falling in love but knows she will fall out again. This suggests Carmen to Benedetto Croce, it might suggest a different personage to a different critic; but the point lies in the fact that the author envisages herself as somebody else, anybody else, that she was ever so little,—in that first book of poems, at "not quite twenty years,"—a *poseuse*.

Yet in spite of a young self-consciousness which has a touch of bravado, it tells the truth about Annie Vivanti as closely as she knew how to see it herself. Indeed, Carducci insisted that her intensest quality was the gift of expressing her own personality, and classed her among the Romantics on this account; nevertheless it was a personality a little heightened, a little disguised, as at a masked ball where it is possible to be more daring, more fascinating, more alluring than one can quite contrive at home in every-day clothes.

In *The Devourers* Annie Vivanti has donned the every-day clothes of prose, and since her choicest gift after all is her gift of humor, they become her well. Since *Lirica*, the poetess has married one of those cold Englishmen, and gone back to live in miry Albion, her little daughter has become a violinist, and she herself has been swallowed up in the needs of her child prodigy. This story, beginning with her own prodigious girlhood as a sensational young poetess in Italy, she tells, though not in her own name, in the brilliantly written *Devourers*, a novel with an idea,—the idea of the necessary but devastating selfishness of genius. Every genius "devours" the lives of those nearest him.

Her silence once broken, the author wrote several more novels and some plays, of which one is in French, and translated *The Devourers* into the most delicious Italian prose, with a preface which is a gem of personal writing and a portent of her best book.

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This last is "*Zingaresca*," in which she has dropped even the pretense of fiction and the third person, and emerges as Mrs. Chartres, who dines at embassies and serves on committees, whose husband is a well-known publicist named John, and whose daughter is the famous child-violinist, Vivien Chartres. The resultant book is a handful of reminiscences embellished by the imagination, chapters of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, feminine to the core yet stripped bare of sentimentality, written, in the same delicious Italian as the translated Preface, with such verve, such *brio*, such gaiety and humor, that those little ripples of laughter sweep over the reader who sits enjoying them alone by his fire which are usually the tribute only to spoken wit. They are familiar and incidental enough to be journalism, their constant inclination toward a daintily reckless exaggeration perhaps is journalism, but the exaggeration is at once effortless and perfectly conscious; that is, like everything else about these easy, agreeable papers, it is artistic. Their author has escaped somehow the perils of precocity; Carmen's girlish caprices might so easily have survived into middle-aged archness, but from such disaster Mrs. Chartres had her humor to preserve her.

These haphazard chapters have many of the qualities of good English prose, and one can hardly avoid wondering whether they do not owe something to the fact that Annie Vivanti learned to write her prose in English; *The Devourers*, and at least one of the papers in "*Zingaresca*," the one on Carducci, she wrote first in English and then translated. However that may be, she has produced in "*Zingaresca*" an Italian book that is like no other Italian book; it has humor which owes nothing to the fantastic or the ironic, not a little of its fun is at the author's own expense; it is sophisticated and yet spontaneous; it offers us a woman's view of things, delivered by an artist who is a woman of the world and a poet. The things are not many, it is true, nor profound, but they are shown to us shimmering through the transforming medium of an artist's personality.

"*Zingaresca*" recounts only a few episodes selected out of a life which must be able to yield a rich harvest of them yet, a life which can have held few if any dull moments, and some of the least dull our own country may very well have had the honor of furnishing her, on a sheep-ranch in the State of Texas. After a

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chance word spoken at an Italian Embassy dinner in London, "we had taken,—John and I, a heroic decision. We realized, or at least I made John realize, how tired we were of our false and conventional everyday life. Oh, to return closer to nature! Oh, to take our way, purified and epical, towards the primitive! . . ."

> We decided to abandon everything that up to that day had interested us, literature, journalism, society, art, politics. John was no longer to be a London solicitor, he should raise domestic animals on a ranch in America. Our only uncertainty was as to the nature of the animals.
>
> "Horses," said I, aesthetic-romantic.
>
> "Cattle," said John, practical-positive.
>
> We agreed by a compromise upon sheep. In sheep John saw wool and excellent mutton chops; I saw snow-white lambs with a blue ribbon about their necks, just as in the sacred lithographs. Oh, the dear sheep! My fancy was captured and ravished by them. It is true that for me they were nothing but a pretext, a scenario. What really seduced me was the thought of the great solitudes, the untamed life, new and untried.
>
> During all the Atlantic crossing, and in the train from New York to Chicago, I made very effort to persuade John to allow me to receive my first impression of the great solitudes of the Far West, alone, without witnesses. I reminded him that I had gone into my seventh edition. I talked of the sacred right of the Poet to be alone, when face to face for the first time with the grandiose elements of nature, without being distracted by the presence of others.
>
> With great difficulty I succeeded in touching if not in convincing him. And so it happened that I alighted alone on that rainy March morning in New City, Texas, with a letter in my pocket to Christopher Ruddy, the great sheep-raiser, and in my memory my husband's promise not to come on from Chicago with our little Vivien to rejoin me, until two days later—unless I should telephone.

It is an enormous temptation to transcribe the next twenty pages, which narrate with unequaled gaiety the comic epic of the succeeding twenty-four hours at Ruddy's ranch. At the end of them, the poetess who had longed for the great solitudes was back at the wooden hut which constituted the whole of New City, Texas, asking the telephone operator for long-distance connection with Chicago.

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BEST BOOKS, AND THE VERY BEST

HEYWOOD BROUN

OUR national passion for making lists of great books, great men, beautiful actresses, and redoubtable fullbacks is satirized by a writer who would certainly figure in any New York man's list of the ten readiest wits of the day. Mr. Broun fastens on Walter Camp and Dr. Eliot the responsibility of this new game, but it wouldn't surprise us to learn that the subjects of Old King Tut edified each other, and plunged all Egypt into controversy, with lists of the ten best tomb decorators.

IN THE beginning there was Walter Camp. Taking thought, he decided that virtue was not its own reward and so he decided to exalt one man, or to be precise eleven, above the others. There came into being, then, the All-American Football Team composed of the eleven best players in the land. At first there was some scoffing. In Cambridge the charge was made that Mr. Camp's list represented no more than his opinion as to the eleven best football players in Connecticut. But the scoffing diminished and died. Walter Camp was not only accepted but emulated.

The influence of his example spread far beyond the confines of football. America took to making lists. Within a year I have seen compilations of: the ten greatest books of all time, the six best novels published in February, the twelve greatest women in history, the nine most useful big league ball players, the twenty-one cardinal points of social etiquette, the eighty-eight most beautiful women, and the twenty-six articles of faith necessary for salvation.

My memory is not very good. Of course, there have been many more lists. Come to think of it, I do remember "six things which must not be forgotten while doing the fox-trot."

As a matter of fact, Walter Camp should not have all the credit. Harvard has done its share. It was Dr. Eliot who devised The Five-foot Shelf. Possibly the whole movement rests on America's passion for idealism, that is, practical idealism. We want the very best in books and butter, and in order that there shall be no mishap it is necessary that this best shall be set down and codified.

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Now and again, I have an uneasy feeling that the movement has gone too far, and that a certain effort is being wasted in trying to tether the intangible and define the indefinable. I remember, with a certain discomfort, the young man from Pittsburgh who asked me to provide a list even more ticklish than all the rest.

"As a constant reader," he wrote, "I am humbly requesting your assistance in the matter of a little experiment that I desire to perform. I find myself highly enamored of a superlatively attractive young lady who has, however, one apparent drawback to me. That lies in the fact that she has never cultivated a taste for really worth while reading. Now, my idea is this: that this reading taste may be developed by the reading of a number of the best books in various lines. Will you send me a list of fifty of the very best books. I can promise you that the young lady will make a serious attempt to read them. When she has completed this reading, I shall ask her to make a thoroughly frank statement as to whether a reading habit has been cultivated which will enable her to enjoy good literature. The young lady has been through high school."

That was almost six years ago. I wonder if they have been very happy. I am assuming that they have married for I never sent the list for which the young man asked. Not that I failed to take the matter under consideration. On the contrary, I racked my brains for months over the problem as to just what were the books on which one should wed. At length a formula began to sing through my brain. It ran: "Marry in Ouida and repent in Shaw." But that I kept to myself.

The thing which dissuaded me was the thought of the potential strain and agony of that fifty-book courtship. I could imagine the young lady doggedly digging into *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* while the young man sat nearby watching, waiting, twitching with eagerness to catch some sign which might indicate to him whether or not she was actually enjoying good literature. Twice, I seemed to see the determined girl smile wanly. And at such times her lover's face would light up, only to fade again when he realized that this was nothing more than a brave effort, that what he saw was love rather than aesthetic appreciation. It was after weeks of turmoil that I came to my decision. I pounded my fist upon the desk and spoke aloud, as I

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often do in settling a crisis. "Let nature take its course," I said.

Probably that is what happened. Having no list upon which to proceed, I fully believe that the young man followed the dictates of his heart. He came upon her suddenly one evening in the twilight. She was reading a book, but he entered the room so suddenly that there was no chance for her to hide it under a sofa cushion. The gleam of a lamp from across the room was on her hair and on the title page. The youth can hardly have failed to observe that it was *The Winning of Barbara Worth* by Harold Bell Wright. But it was the light on her hair which caught his eye. "Put down your Shelley," he cried to her in a voice husky and trembling with emotion. He was far gone in feeling, but not beyond an exquisite tact. The book fell upon the floor and was not thereafter regarded. That night "they read no more."

In my vision I see them now in a home of their own. They have made a literary adjustment. In the evening he puts on his slippers and she reads aloud to him the serials out of "The Saturday Evening Post." He does not mind at all, indeed he rather enjoys the fact, that it is necessary for him to tell her how to pronounce some of the longer words.

When I shouted out "Let nature take its course," that night in my study, I hit upon a slogan very needful for these United States. There is an aching in the land for those pleasant, restful spots which lie a little below the peaks which have been identified as the very best. We are a people who have come to read for uplift and improvement. Many of us peer at pictures which we do not like because we have been told that they are good for us. We read books so that, having read them, we may talk and impress the neighbors. We listen to music which sets no singing in our hearts, because the composer is both dead and great. Enjoyment is the least thing which we demand from any of the arts.

The young man and the young woman were wiser. I am sure that they are very happy.

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THE POLITICAL DRAMA OF 1924

Act One

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

PUBLIC interest will soon center on the internal struggle of the Republican party, leadership of which will be hotly disputed by the reactionary and progressive wings, with the radical element, headed by La Follette, tilting its lance at both. The West resents the fact that so many important offices are held by the ultra-conservatives of the East, says Mr. Payne, who also believes that the career of Coolidge's political secretary affords damaging ammunition for Democratic guns.

WITH the December FORUM there ended a series of articles on the presidential possibilities for 1924. Twelve Republicans and twelve Democrats were discussed,—all manner of men, great and small, wise and dull,—analyzed and dissected fairly and sympathetically, except in one or two instances. The series did not create any sensation, it was not intended to; but it did stimulate thought, which was the real object. The men who wrote them were of all kinds: journalists who knew and journalists who guessed, statesmen who loved their party, some who loved themselves. It was a series the importance of which was not on the surface, and if ever the editor-in-chief should write his memoirs it will make as interesting a bit as anything in the life of Walter Hines Page, the first editor of THE FORUM.

It may be possible that both the Democratic and Republican parties will nominate some one who was not mentioned in that series, but it is hardly likely. The campaign of 1924 will undoubtedly be a strenuous one, a momentous one, and may be epoch-making in our political history, but lines are already drawn and the chief personalities are already on the stage. In these days when press agentry is part of the college curriculum and those most expert in publicity are made ambassadors and cabinet ministers, it is idle to talk of dark horses. The two-thirds rule of the Democratic convention would seem to encourage the idea that, should there develop an impasse, some man hitherto not considered might appear, but the reverse is

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more nearly true: two-thirds of a convention could with difficulty be brought to enthuse over a man who had never been discussed.

The Democratic position is one comparatively simple, and one that will arouse comparatively little interest until after the nominations. Although the Democratic party was defeated in 1920 by seven million votes, and although it has not changed a single principle, impartial men must admit that it is in a position to win the 1924 election unless something happens to the Republican party that would enable it to regain the public confidence that it has lost. It is for this reason that the public interest in the next six months will be concentrated on the internal struggle of the Republican party. Ever since the election of 1920 the party has declined steadily in popular favor and popular esteem. Some of it was the inevitable reaction, some of it was traceable in the minds of Republican leaders to its being obliged to settle problems that should have been settled by the previous administration. Most of it, according to democratic critics,—and in this many Republicans concur,—was due to the lack of leadership in the Republican party, or to put it more bluntly, to a lack of brains.

Parties are like nations and like races, and as the late Professor Morse pointed out, they rise and fall just as any other biological entity. There never was a stronger political party in the United States than the Republican party; in the period following the Civil War it was strong as a political organization, perhaps even stronger than the first great party of the country which had for its leaders men like Jefferson and Madison. The first signs of disintegration began in 1884 when a virile character in the person of Grover Cleveland was able to defeat the most brilliant man of his time, Blaine. Character and honesty, if a trifle dull, were borne to triumph against the insolence of office. The western radicalism led by Bryan, the upcoming democracy and the party rebirth under Roosevelt,—who was publicly accused of stealing Bryan's clothes,—again gave the party a new strength and character. Then a remarkable thing happened. Roosevelt himself rebelled against the corruption and lack of character of his own party and its doom seemed certain. The Democratic party went into office with the brilliant

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Wilson, a zealous but stubborn man with no party spirit, a historian who refused to read the lesson of history. After eight years of extraordinary opportunity the party with which he had very little sympathy and for whose leaders he had little but contempt, was turned out of office ignominiously. In the language of the day, the Democratic party, which has had every right to success by the rule that governs parties, has been "out of luck."

The rebellion started by Roosevelt did not accomplish its object, the election of Roosevelt, but it so stirred and informed the great mass of the people, especially those within the Republican party, that the reactionary element has since been in a dwindling minority. The election of 1920 in which the League of Nations dwarfed all other issues, brought the party into power but unfortunately with the very reactionary party machine that had accomplished the wreckage of the party in 1912. That machine, or what is left of it, is in control today and under its operation and control, the party which in 1920 went into power with a majority of seven million is threatened not only with defeat, but almost extinction. In New York State for example, Senator Harding, the Republican candidate for President, carried the state in 1920 by one million majority, and in 1922 Governor Miller, candidate for Governor, was defeated by over four hundred thousand.

The battle of the next six months in the Republican party will be between these two elements, with the radical element in the party, led by Senator La Follette, again peppering at both. It is interesting to recall that this position of Senator La Follette is almost identical with his position in 1912 when Roosevelt was a candidate for the Republican nomination. A leader among the Progressives, it was naturally assumed by Roosevelt that, when he started his war on the reactionary element in the party, he would have the backing of La Follette. But La Follette had been in the field before Roosevelt and he declined to withdraw, and when the new Progressive party was organized La Follette remained with the old machine. Today he is the leader of a group that calls itself Progressive but which is generally described as radical, and includes few of those who followed Roosevelt in 1912. In the convention of 1924 Senator La Follette will have the dele-

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gates from his own state, Wisconsin, and in all probability delegates from some of the more radical states. They will not be enough to cut a very wide swath in the convention but they will be enough to make possible the organizing of a new party.

To go back to the two larger elements in the party. The conservative, ultra-conservative, and reactionary elements have decided, at least for the time being, to cast their lot with President Coolidge. From all reports he is himself an extremely moderate man and would not like to be classed as a conservative, but the fact that he has no progressive record, and that he was the protege of Senator Murray Crane, whom Roosevelt described as the arch-reactionary, will make it impossible for him to shake off the classification. Murray Crane was the type of public servant that the country was educated by Roosevelt to distrust. While he was alive Roosevelt bitterly denounced him. For years while Crane was a Senator, he fought the introduction of the parcel post system. On Crane's death it was revealed that he held a large amount of stock in the United States Express Company, which naturally suffered by the government taking over the transportation of what had hitherto been carried by the express companies.

In addition to this, Mr. Coolidge is geographically, as well as politically, unfortunate. As a New Englander he is put down as a member of the New England group that has held on to the machinery of the party, despite the fact that the delegates and the votes of the party necessary to nominate and elect all came from west of the Alleghanies. The Radicals, as well as the Progressives, point out that the President is a Massachusetts man; the Speaker of the House, Gillett, is a Massachusetts man; Weeks the Secretary of War, is a Massachusetts man; Lodge, the Leader of the Senate is a Massachusetts man; Senator McLean, who is at the head of the important Banking and Currency Committee is a Connecticut man; Senator Brandegee, who is at the head of the Judiciary Committee, is a Connecticut man; Senator Moses, at the head of the Post Office and Printing, is a New Hampshire man. And all these men unfortunately are also ultra-conservatives or reactionaries. These facts have aroused in the West a feeling of extreme bitterness among the progressive element, who feel that no matter how hard they fight to reform the Republican

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party and make it responsive to the people, a small group of office holders from the reactionary East always remain in charge.

As this is written President Coolidge announces his candidacy. The men selected as his managers indicate that he will fight to make the Republican party an ultra-conservative or reactionary party. Against this there will be the bitterest fight made by the progressive element led by Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California.

Of the campaign that will be made by the Progressives under Senator Johnson's leadership, I think I may speak with some authority. Senator Johnson and his friends believe that they are fighting to save the Republican party not only from defeat but from becoming a minority party. They will oppose President Coolidge on the ground that he represents a minority faction in the party and antiquated political theories. They will insist that in the short time he has been in the presidency he has shown no capacity for the position, and that moreover he was such a failure as a Vice-President that President Harding's friends were holding conferences for the purpose of discussing methods of getting rid of him as the vice-presidential candidate.

The charge will also be made against the President that his appointment of Mr. C. Bascom Slemp as secretary will be so used by the Democrats as to make him a very unsafe candidate to nominate. In the Congressional Record of December 15, 1922, there are printed charges against Mr. Slemp together with copies of letters showing that war veterans and others who applied for position in the United States Post Office Department were obliged to pay to Mr. Slemp and his secretary various sums of money. It is known that the Democrats have hundreds of other letters of Slemp and that they are also informed as to his activities in connection with distillers during Roosevelt's administration. The Progressives will claim it is not possible for Mr. Coolidge to go into the campaign with these charges hanging over his secretary.

But even more important will be the accusation that Mr. Coolidge is absolutely out of touch with his party inasmuch as he stands for the World Court, is opposed to the bonus, and has alienated the negro vote by his declaration that the protection of the negro is a local issue.

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MONROE AND THE PUBLIC

A Symposium

WHETHER the Monroe Doctrine is a fundamental and enduring principle of our national policy or not, the public is still profoundly interested in its fate. This is proved by the wide response to our invitation to comment upon the issues raised by the December debate, in which General Charles H. Sherrill advocated an extension of the doctrine and Dr. Ernest Gruening contrasted our professions and our practices in its applications. Many interpretations are here reflected.

BEFORE the *Lusitania* was sunk we all took it for granted that we were a nation enjoying "splendid isolation." Some of us still think we are,—but fewer of us than ten years ago. At that time there was some high-pitched talk of a yellow peril and of our extra-territorial missions and trespassings, but on the whole the public mind rested tranquilly on the assumption that George Washington and James Monroe had enunciated formulae that would see us honorably and comfortably through any colonial or international contingency that might ever arise. Recent history has severely tested our faith in the formulae, and contemporary chaos is challenging it. In a day when even the theory of pure democracy is being effectively discredited in many quarters, it is small wonder that we should look more closely into the credentials of a doctrine promulgated by one of our early presidents to meet the international and economic system of a hundred years ago, and that we should question the authenticity of its claim to represent the fundamental and definitive policy of the present experienced and somewhat disillusioned generation.

Judging from the daily press and, more specifically, from the flood of letters which have come to the editors since the announcement of The Forum debate on the *pros* and *cons* of the doctrine in the December number, the issue divides opinion into two fairly sharply defined camps of thought,—one which believes that the only way to prevent the disintegration of civilization is to hold fast to some principle which has "worked" in the past; and another which believes that an unprecedented crisis calls for an unprecedented policy. Spokesmen of the former group say "Our

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adherence to the doctrine of Monroe is our national glory. It is our rudder in the storms which have wrecked older nations. Cast it aside? A thousand times no." Spokesmen of the other group say: "We are in the dawn of a scientific era which takes no thought of national boundary lines, an era, moreover, which is characterized by the economic interdependence of nations. In such an era it is as trivial to adopt an attitude of isolation,—a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine,—as it was for King Canute to defy the rising tide. *Autre temps, autres moeurs.*"

The wisdom of this latter view is irrefutable, provided we *are* well launched and floated upon the era of science and economic interdependence. The question, however, arises: are we not still in the period of darkness that precedes the dawn, and in that case is it advisable to throw away the old lanterns while the ground ahead is still uncertain?

The Diehard Position

This doubt clings to the minds of at least fifty per cent of those whose opinions have contributed to the present symposium. This fifty per cent believe that the moment has not yet arrived for discrediting the time-honored phrases of Washington and Monroe. Many of these thinkers are willing to consider, and indeed earnestly advocate, a reformulation of the doctrine, and suggest that it be adapted and stretched to meet modern requirements. Only a small proportion adopt the diehard position. Of these, Mr. Thomas F. Carroll, a lawyer of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is a fervent spokesman. The Monroe Doctrine, he writes, "is the greatest unwritten law ever promulgated by an American and is one of the bulwarks of our nation. It should never be abrogated."

Almost equally emphatic is Dr. Frederic C. Curtis, of Albany, consulting dermatologist to the New York State Board of Health, who says: "It is one of the great beneficent political propositions and will never be set aside." To ensure this perpetuity a third commentator, Judge William E. Hawkins, of Breckenridge, Texas, suggests "an early conference of representatives of all established governments of North America, and South America as well, at which our Monroe Doctrine should be thoroughly discussed with a view to re-enunciation of the doctrine in such

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phraseology and form as to establish it forever as an *American doctrine*." Finally, "What if it does cost millions to sustain it," exclaims Mr. George Whitefield D'Vys, of Rome, Mass.,—"once the bulwark were removed and avarice flooded Latin America with armies from overseas, the price of our own safety would total billions."

Defending the Doctrine

But the majority of those who advocate maintenance of the doctrine, plead for it with a cautiousness and a reference to specific applications that seem to recognize the weight of the criticism being levelled against their brief. One of the ablest defendants in the long list is Mr. Robert L. Hirst, of Washington, who, while disclaiming any exaggerated spirit of altruism or idealism in the doctrine,—or for that matter any improper motive or sinister suggestion in our application of it,—argues that it cannot be relegated to the archives, for the simple reason that it is a very real expression of what we, as a nation, *think*. "No other nation was consulted about it, no other nation helped to formulate it. It is just a peep into our minds, predicting perchance our reaction to certain problems where our interests are affected. . . . It is a principle of our national life and philosophy. It is fundamental."

Coming down to the consideration of actual cases, it is interesting to find that those who advocate maintenance of the doctrine have very specialized and even highly personal interpretations of how it should be applied. One of the most debatable issues raised in the controversy is the suggestion, sponsored by General Sherrill, that we should purchase British colonies in and around the Caribbean Sea in part payment of the British debt. Most commentators agree that this question has no direct bearing on the doctrine, but it cannot be discussed without some reference to the policies implied in the doctrine.

Mr. Hirst's reaction to this question is provocative of thought. "Since I do not hold the view that the holding of Trinidad (for example) by Great Britain is in any sense contrary to the spirit of the doctrine, it follows, as I view it, that the spirit of the doctrine would not enter as a factor or an argument if we made an earnest effort to acquire the islands, or if we declined either to

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purchase them or even accept them as a gift. . . . But we certainly would be alarmed to learn that England was negotiating with any power other than ourselves for the disposition of any of her island possessions near to our possessions in the West Indies or close to our coast line." Mr. Carroll goes further and says, "It is a pity that we do not control the islands of the Spanish Main, as such control would very much strengthen the Monroe Doctrine."

An Antiquated Instrument

Those who believe that the doctrine is an antiquated instrument are more outspoken on this point. One of the most eloquent of this group, which includes about thirty per cent of those whose opinions are here summarized, is Ex-Senator Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota, who believes that we do altogether too much talking about the doctrine. "Vain would be the effort," he writes, "to find anything in the Monroe Doctrine that would stand in the way of our peaceful acquisition, if we were foolish enough to acquire them (the British colonies), or any foreign colonies; but the acquisition of such colonies would be a violation of the principle of self-government and,—pardon the suggestion, —a very poor business proposition, for oversea territory is always a liability and not an asset."

This opinion is not entirely shared, however, by another man who believes that the doctrine is somewhat out of date. Mr. Charles Evan Fowler,Consulting Engineer of the Detroit Transit Company, says, "A taking over of British Colonies in the new world in my opinion would be a good thing, but certainly no feature of the Monroe Doctrine; although they would be better to the United States than to receive a money payment."

Policing Backward States

Another special issue on which opinion is not consistent in the two opposing camps of thought is the very important and perennially discussed question of our policy in the case of backward states. Although the division of opinion here does not coincide with the division of opinion with regard to the preserving or discarding of the Monroe Doctrine, it is none the less distinctly marked. The majority of educators, historians, politicians,

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army officers, and men in the street seem to agree that a powerful and prosperous democracy has a duty to perform as missionary, if not policeman, toward weak and unenlightened neighbors.

This theory is best expressed by a correspondent who has lived in Mexico but who chooses to withhold his name and station:

> Under the conditions of today, the world is loath to see any productive section of the earth's surface wasted and to have the progress of international relations impeded. It is, therefore, to the advantage of all concerned that such supervision and control of the backward nations in the New World should be exercised as will assure maintenance of satisfactory economic and social relations with other nations, and prepare the backward nation as rapidly as may be to effectively and permanently take over the control of her own government. Since the Monroe Doctrine estops European nations in the New World from this duty, it devolves upon the United States, or at least some nation of the New World capable of performing it. . . . Assuming that there are conditions that justify one nation in exercising control and supervision over another, the all important question arises as to what are these conditions. No one would seriously object to the rigid control of the Australian bushman by Great Britain for the purpose of bettering of that continent as a whole, yet nearly all mankind resented the recent attempt of Germany to impose her "kultur" upon other advanced civilized nations. . . . To retain her right to control her own destinies, a country should demonstrate ability to establish and maintain a government that will assure adequate protection for the nationals of other countries and their vested rights within her boundaries, make adequate provisions for the discharge of international obligations, maintain such internal conditions as will permit of a reasonable development of her own national resources. In other words, it is not at the present stage of world civilization considered right that even though a country discharge the first two of these obligations, she should be allowed to retain a vast and potentially rich portion of the earth's surface for the tribal existence of a few; whereas, if properly administered, this territory would support millions according to the highest standards of present day civilization.

As for our taking over such backward states as Haiti and Nicaragua, this writer says, "In its fundamentals the problem would exist were there no such thing as a Monroe Doctrine, and with other countries its existence is dealt with under the guise of mandates, spheres of influence, colonies, etc."

Mr. William W. Cook, former General Counsel of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, is more explicit about our guardianship of backward American states. We should take

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charge of them, he says, "when necessary to keep Europe out. We cannot tell Europe to keep out and yet refuse to be policeman ourselves. We don't like it, and there is or should be no profit or glory in it, but for a hundred years some of those so-called republics have brought reproach on democratic institutions, and the disgrace should stop. One despot after another robs and murders the people and scandalizes the world. If we don't control them by intervention we shall have to annex them, and that would be worse. We already have enough undigested foreign elements to control."

Mr. George W. Hinman, Jr., of Washington, D. C., asserts that "in these interventions by the United States there has been the minimum impairment of native sovereignty, and that of a most temporary nature. So rapidly as the native population has been able to assume the management of its affairs, sovereignty has been restored."

Dr. Joseph McFarland, Professor of Pathology in the University of Pennsylvania, sees no reason "why the United States might not annex the canal zone,—which, of course, she did,—accept Trinidad from Great Britain and annex it, or land troops anywhere to establish and maintain order."

Regarding the whole problem from a spiritual and educational, rather than a political point of view, the Reverend Wilbur P. Thirkield, Bishop of the Mexico City Area, Methodist Episcopal Church, has this to say:

> Armed camps are a menace. They have been the occasion of discords and clashings on the Border for many years. Often hundreds of miles apart they give little protection from possible bandit depredations or illegal immigration, now apparently the only possible danger. A system of army police mounted, or in autos, supplemented by the aviation service at San Antonio and other points would in efficiency surpass the whole line of a dozen menacing forts and camps, and reduce the cost of service by many millions.
>
> Obregon has cut his army by half and is putting the tens of millions saved in schools. What an anomaly! Our State Department holding a formal conference with the Republics of Central America urging and almost requiring disarmament on the part of one or more of these, when the United States at the same time supports a line of armed camps along the adjoining Mexican Border for eighteen hundred miles.
>
> As to the plan proposed for four or five hundred scholarships for Mexican youth in the colleges of the United States,—it would appear that if Congress can appropriate over one hundred and fifty millions

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for Mexican warfare and Border protection in the past ten years, surely a way could be found even, if through long-term loans at a low rate of interest, to provide scholarships for capable, aspiring Mexican youth to be trained in ideals of modern democracy, in the sciences and arts, and in mechanics and the industries.

Vast loans were made to Belgium and France to hold the world safe for democracy. The best investment the United States can make for the preservation of the institutions and ideals of democracy on the North American continent is to invest a few millions in our neighboring Republic. Here as always education is the cheap defense of nations.

Mr. William Hood, formerly Chief Engineer of the Southern Pacific Company, believes that the taking over of backward states is "a deplorable exhibition of the growing concert of opinion and tendency to fail to mind our own business." Dr. Arnold van C. P. Huizinga, President of the New Netherlands Association, also strongly objects to the *political* imposition of "cultural superiority." "By what right," he asks, "should the civilization of the big powers prevail over that of the smaller nations?"

Trenchant Criticism

Criticism far more trenchant is aimed at our traditional policies by Professor David Y. Thomas, of the University of Kansas, whose book "One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine," has just been published by the Macmillan Company:

We overturned governments in Santo Domingo and Haiti for military governments of our own. The Central American Court of Justice, which was largely an instrument of our own creation, we helped to overturn when it gave a decision contrary to our desires and supposed interests. We recognized Carranza, but refused to recognize Obregon, a finer type of man, until he had yielded to the demands of the bondholders and to a part of the demands of the oil men.

One excuse for this interference was that, since, under the Monroe Doctrine, we would not allow European interference, we must police these countries and see that they meet their international obligations, —according to our standards. In other words, we must play the rôle of Big Brother with a Big Stick.

Secretary Hughes laid claim to an "unhampered right of self-defense' in justification of our Caribbean policy, especially with reference to the Panama Canal. Reduced to its last analysis such a doctrine is of a piece with the doctrine of "natural boundaries" of Louis XIV and of that of 'might makes right' of William II of Germany. If we must keep the Cuban finances straight and purchase the Virgin Islands to protect the Panama Canal, may not England

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with equal right say that she must have Nicaragua and Porto Rico for the defense of Jamaica and British Guiana? We have a treaty with Nicaragua for another canal. Does not the safety of that canal call for the possession of Jamaica and British Honduras? If this nation really believes that it should have an "unhampered right of self-defense," which can easily be stretched to justify going after whatever it wants, especially if held by a weak power, by merely labelling it "for defense," then it is not strange that it refused to enter the League of Nations. Neither should we for a moment consider accepting the International Court of Justice. Rather, we should enter with feverish haste upon a program for building an air fleet and scrap the treaty for the limitation of naval armaments as soon as possible.

Veiled Imperialism?

Opinions are more nearly unanimous when it comes to the other issues involved in the controversy,—namely: the charge of veiled imperialism, the question of distrust and suspicion on the part of Latin America, and the proposal of a Pan-American League. With few exceptions all commentators repudiate the suggestion that our aims are imperialistic. If they are, it is scarcely a fault of the doctrine, and there are many other cloaks available for the masking of imperialistic design, as can be seen in the history of European nations. "Imperialism in connection with the United States is a mere bugaboo!" says Mrs. Julia Clark Hallam, former President of the Iowa Equal Suffrage Society. "Note the emphatic rebuke which the people of Oklahoma have quietly but definitely administered to their Governor because he forgot that imperialism did not work here," she adds.

Mr. William McCarroll, Ex-President of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, believes we are in more danger from bureaucracy than from imperialism, but Mr. Cook, already quoted, thinks we are "a territory-grabbing people by nature, true to our English origin. There is Louisiana, the Pacific Coast, Florida, Texas, Alaska, Panama, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and practically Cuba. Our success in Cuba and the Philippines will inevitably lead us to further adventures, with trade following the flag and clamoring for protection." But he exonerates the Monroe Doctrine on this score. "It will neither hasten nor retard our imperialism."

"Trade rivalry," writes Mr. Archibald H. Grimké, Vice-President of the National Association for the Advancement of

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Colored People, "has converted us into a nation in pursuit of raw materials and markets. . . . We seek now not opportunities to defend our weak neighbors but how best to exploit them in the interest of our vast industrialism and money power. The cry of our rising and insatiable imperialism is more, more, and yet more."

A Pan-American League

Most writers make light of the distrust and suspicion manifested by our Latin American neighbors and believe it to be merely the inevitable feeling of weaker and less favored countries toward a powerful and prosperous rival. The proposal of a Pan-American League does not meet with wide favor, as there is a strong disinclination on both sides to be controlled in any real sense by the other. Preference is expressed for conferences at stated intervals. "We should try to cultivate closer commercial relations with our American neighbors, says Mr. Thomas Willing Balch of Philadelphia, eminent writer and authority on international law. He believes that it would facilitate commercial dealings with them if we adopted more and more the metric system of weights and measures. "A Pan-American alliance based on commercial expansion would be excellent," thinks Mrs. Minna Irving, of Tarrytown, N. Y. Mr. William Alanson Borden, organizer of free public libraries in the State of Baroda, India, believes a Pan-American League would tie our hands, but Professor Lindsey Blayney of the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, strongly advocates such a league as a step which is "not only logical but, as an initial move toward final participation in a league of not merely the nations of the western hemisphere but of the world, might afford those who have the habit of 'contemplating with alarm' each new development in our national policy and who have steadfastly opposed any form of *world* court, an opportunity of saving their face." Another correspondent who believes that a Pan-American League might contribute to more friendly relations with Latin America is the Right Reverend Edward Fawcett, Bishop of Quincy, Illinois.

We have left till the last the chorus of dissenters who hold that the Doctrine has outlived its usefulness. This group constitutes somewhat more than a fourth of the total whose letters were

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analyzed in this connection. The remaining correspondents cannot quite declare either for maintaining or discarding the doctrine, but most of this middle group are for some form of modification and "re-phrasing." This word continually recurs in the letters and suggests a timely thought as to the importance in our documents of state or mere words,—an importance which, if perhaps exaggerated in actual affairs, cannot fail to impress and gratify the literary-minded. Whatever phrases one may employ, "no doctrine, however wonderful, can be made to apply to conditions for all time to come," comments Mr. Fowler, quoted above. "Time and men," adds Mr. Elmer Lee, Editor of "Health Culture," "brings changes that no man can foresee. Have men of a past time had the qualification or the authority to decide what conditions shall guide men or nations or races at the present time?"

The Exigencies of Trade

"The time is fast approaching when the United States must consider this doctrine from the viewpoint of the exigencies of trade and an outlet for Europe's rapidly congesting population," thinks Mr. W. L. Darling, of St. Louis, Missouri, who was a member of the United States Commission of Railway Experts to Russia.

"Through President Monroe," says Mr. Borden, "we calmly informed European nations that we did not like them as neighbors and would fight any more that came here. We were infants, but pugnacious ones . . . our position is not founded upon right, but upon might." In those days President Monroe could say, "In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part," but, comments Professor Karl P. Harrington, of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., "no President can ever say that again. If Washington and Monroe could drop in among us for a day or so, in this year of our Lord, 1923, when the progress of locomotion and the transmission of world information has bound the whole earth into a unit such as neither of those great statesmen ever dreamed of, we may well conceive that they would state their famous policies far differently, if indeed they thought them worth stating any more at all."

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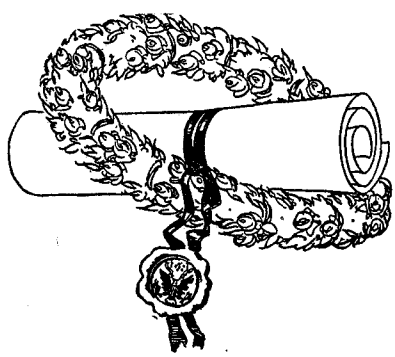
"Science and invention render utterly impossible the splendid isolation promulgated by the Monroe Doctrine," says Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, distinguished poetess of Memphis, Tennessee. And Ex-Senator Clapp reminds us that the doctrine, as originally expressed, has "no more present application than a declaration in one of the political platforms of our country against the extension of slavery. . . . To serve our purpose now in gaining the confidence of the South American Republics we should quit invoking it on every occasion."

Bury It!

"Given the importance and strength of various South American governments," says Professor Blayney, quoted above, "it seems to me that candor compels the admission that at the present hour the famous doctrine has both the ring and the effect of a chip on the shoulder,—both a challenge and a threat, —to be invoked either by a swashbuckling politician or timorous statesman, rather than of the great fundamental and necessary pronunciamento it was at the moment of its promulgation."

"Japan has as good a right to have such a doctrine for Asia as we for America," observes Professor Leonidas Chalmers Glenn, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, North Carolina. "When we plunge into European and Near East affairs as we have done and must continue to do, are we consistent in holding a Monroe Doctrine?"

"Is not the old Monroe Doctrine dead," finally inquires Mr. Grimké, "and if so, ought it not to be decently put away?"



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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By The Pedestrian

THE PEDESTRIAN MIND

PEOPLE generally walk because they cannot afford to ride. For my part, I have long cherished the notion that few of us can really afford to ride; and like most cherished notions, it has grown into a conviction with me. Of course a great deal may be said for walking, in a purely physical sense: it is not a mere accident of some passing civilization, like chariots and sedan-chairs, but is one of the few things, like loving and eating, which has been common to all generations of men.

But I am thinking rather of the advantages of *mental* pedestrianism. It is with some alarm, I confess, that I observe the increase in vehicular traffic of this mental sort. The pedestrian mind doesn't get very far in one day, to be sure, but it has ample opportunity to see where it is going. It proceeds slowly enough to observe and record. It can stop altogether when it gets tired, —a great virtue truly, for it is not likely to mistake motion and sound for progress.

Then, too, your mind afoot is not confined to the highroad; it may follow by-paths; it may even explore unbroken wilds;—it is not bound to the automotive "wheel of things." I don't make much of the fact that it can climb a tree, for Fords, they say, can do that too, though I do say for it that it still looks like a mind after its arboreal excursion.

But the great advantage of the pedestrian mind, to my thinking, is that, while it makes retirement possible, it is not "retired leisure." It has to work to get on; it moves often with the great procession of mankind. It knows, on the one hand, the starry solitude, the high mountain where one may pray, and, on the other, the crowded highroad where the race is to be run "not without dust and heat."

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Are You A Both-ander?

"Which side are you going to take, Liberal or Conservative?", said a friend to me not long ago, as we approached a house of controversy.

"Why should I take either side?" I answered,—"especially when I am not sure what either means."

"That's No Man's Land," he said; "you'll get shot if you don't take sides."

Like most of us, my friend was an *either—or* person, brought up on the foolish proverb that you can't have your cake and eat it too. Why not a *both—and* state of mind for a change? It might be diverting to be both liberal and conservative; and in point of intelligibility, it would be emphatically lucid compared to the *either—or* position of most people who call themselves one or the other. For the great alternatives, opposites though they may once have been, seem to be fairly interchangeable nowadays. Liberty, for instance, would seem to get on about as well when it assumes the engaging rôle of Tyranny as it did when it paraded with Equality and Fraternity or when it "inhered," among our forefathers, "in some sensible object." What a slogan, Liberty and Tyranny, one and inseparable! Perish the thought! Very well, let the thought perish, but, Mr. Voter, meet the fact.

All a man has to do, it would seem, is to pronounce his notions good and loud, and we follow like sheep or attack like wolves. A senator comes out with the astonishing discovery that the next political issue will be between progressives and reactionaries. Some papers, it is refreshing to note, are serious enough to treat this *pronunciamento* with the persiflage it deserves, but a great many editors, and their readers with them, are foolish enough to imagine that he has said something and so get themselves into a hopelessly *either—or* state of passion over it. Incidentally, even his hostile critics give him the sort of free advertising that Barnum loved. Men and women evidently must be forever taking sides and biting their thumbs across the street at one another, sometimes when there is no issue at all, at other times when the issue is "highly unimportant to Gods and men."

There's Mr. Bryan now, with his notions about Fundamentalism. I should have supposed that anything *fundamental* in

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religion had primarily to do with truth and its rock-bottom basis, but very likely that's just an odd fancy of mine; at all events, Mr. Bryan and his adherents, unquestionably audible, have revealed that the fundamental thing is to decide whether your wife is descended from a monkey or from one of Adam's ribs. Most of the American people find it easy to take sides on this question. I don't. I'll admit it's disquieting to reflect that your wife's ancestry may be Simian,—it's rather disillusioning when you thought you had married a goddess; awkward, too, to break it to the children; but I confess to as much discomfiture when I reflect that I may be wedded to a spare rib. Also there's an unpleasant suggestion of the charnel house; to this favor we knew we should come at the last, but to think of happy living men everywhere wedded to bones—pah! "mine ache to think on't!" But that's a digression. The point is that Mr. Bryan, his sheep, and his wolves, are *either—or* people. How they bite their thumbs!

Now of course there's no objection to taking sides when you know what you mean and the cause is worth fighting for. Professor Root's article on "The Virtue of Intolerance" a few years ago was a fine rebuke to those vacillating creatures who fancied that because their brains were shallow they must be broad. They are still at large among us, but they are not *both—and* people just because they fail to be *either—or* people. In fact, they are really *either—ors* thinly disguised: they are so committed to the process of selecting alternatives that, after persuading themselves that they are not *either—or* bigots, they leap to the conclusion that they must be *both—and* prophets. Better to be frankly *either—or* than that, even if it does commit you to Simian frolic or to the conjugal felicity of a sarcophagus.

Then, of course, there's such a thing, now that we're speaking of marriage, as too wide a range of sympathies; but even in marriage we reveal our predisposition to alternatives,—we take our wives or husbands tandem instead of in teams. It's quite possible, too, that a *both—and* attitude, even in the closed shop of marriage, might enable us to endure the worse as well as the better, the sickness as well as the health.

In many matters, when you stop to think about it, a *both—and* attitude is salutary. For instance, why not believe in Capital

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and Labor? Why not believe in Science *and* the Classics? Why not revive the spirit as well as the letter of that fine old phrase, Business *and* Pleasure? Why not, even, believe in the Bible *and* Evolution? There's a good deal to be said for walking down the middle of the street. Flying vehicles look dangerous, but they really have a tender regard for pedestrians; they are not half so dangerous as the snares of the sidewalk. Clear calls may come, when one or the other side is the only place; but, till then, let us not rush to the wall merely for the sake of being on a sidewalk.

Perhaps we may take counsel from the perennial boy, who replies, when asked whether he will have pie or ice cream, "I'll take both, please." That boy sees life steadily and sees it whole.

The Pedestrian is preparing a series of essays which will appear as regular contributions under the general title "Footpath and Highway"

ANDANTE

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Now come only the remembrances of love—
(Youth's dreams are done and the birds are homing).
Now there is musing in Spring of Aprils-long-ago
That come not again with their wistfulness
And smart
And the deep, deep glow!
Only the cry of what will not forgotten be
Sounds through the heart
Distant and dolefully
Like lonely horn-calls winding in the gloaming.

Now come only the remembrances of love—
(Youth's pulse is stilled and the questing's ended)
Though sometimes heaven sends the miracle,
And the old song, in the old joy blended,
Leaps to the heart once more, exultant and heedless,
As though it were summer again with the whole world roaming
And all else needless . . .
But now come only the remembrances of love
(Youth's gold is gone and the rest is loaming)
While Age stands watch by the shore, silent and dreamless,
Mid the seas foaming . . .

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Mr. Levinson Replies

In connection with the monthly debates in THE FORUM, *the editors offer to the leader of the debate an opportunity of rebuttal. Mr. Levinson has availed himself of this privilege in the following letter:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is unfortunate that advocates of peace should be debating one against the other. Rather should the forces of peace be unified under a new Foch, and struggle together against the common enemy. Professor Reeves' article easily divides itself into three parts:

1. Outlawing war, he charges, is a solecism, a grammatical error, a slip in syntax. The learned Professor insists that *things* can not be outlawed, only *persons*. Of course, this is the veriest quibble and but for the strong hold it has on my adversary, I should have ignored it. On June 1, 1922, I received a letter from Professor Reeves' associate, Professor Crane, making identically the same point. In answering I called his attention to the great authority of Professor William James who in his essay on the Moral Equivalent of War, says: "I look forward to a future when acts of war shall be formally outlawed as between civilized peoples." I also referred to the Resolution of Mr. Root offered at the Washington Arms Conference, providing for outlawing poison gas and submarines. Now, war and poison gas and submarines are things, not persons. And, of course, the distinction Professor Reeves seeks to make between outlawing war and making it a crime, is for all practical purposes a distinction without a difference. Technicalities and quibbles have no place in this greatest of all reforms. Our program not only brands war as a crime, but it provides for the creation of an international code of peace and a real judicial substitute for war.

2. Professor Reeves contends that our plan does not propose to outlaw all wars, that we look with legal favor on revolutionary wars, defensive wars, etc. Let me state once and for all: *Our program seeks to outlaw all wars.* Revolutionary wars are already outlawed and should remain so. We do not recognize a "defensive war" in our plan. But we do say that it is humanly impossible to prevent a man or a nation from defending himself or itself against actual attack. And in the magic words of Senator Borah: "Revolution is the people's right of self-defense." But revolutions, as history knows them, are domestic, are intra-national in character, and are always directed against existing government and law, and therefore are illegal and criminal. Why should a war of liberation be criminal and a war of conquest be lawful? Washington ran the gauntlet of felony, but Napoleon and the Kaiser violated no known law. This also answers Professor Reeves' comments on our Civil War. That was a dispute not between states, but between the United States and a state menacing the integrity of the Union. It was purely domestic in character and the rebellion was unlawful

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and criminal. Jefferson Davis was a felon, a traitor, an outlaw.

3. After the learned Professor grammatically "outlaws" our plan, and after he charges that our plan would not really outlaw wars anyhow, he proceeds to invite us into the League of Nations and the League Court, saying: "Together they afford a definite method for outlawing war."

Thus does my distinguished adversary cancel all his previous arguments. The outlawing of war is no good; it violates all the laws of diction and syntax; it is only a fascinating slogan; it simply cannot be made to function; but if you will only join the League and the League Court all will be well, and Outlawry will work like a char n.

I confess the logic of Professor Reeves' position passes ny understanding

S. O. LEVINSON.

Chicago, Ill.

The Expensive Philippines

Editor of THE FORUM:

May I be permitted to reply to two of the writers from whose letters you have quoted in the December issue? I have read these letters with great interest, but I fear that some of the writers have not followed Philippine affairs as closely as I have been forced,—through residence there,—to do. One places the estimate of our expenditures in the Islands at $3,000,000,—quite forgetting that we paid $7,000,000 outright for the Friar Lands, and that we paid Spain $15,000,000 after the Islands passed into our hands by conquest.

Speaking before the Senate of the United States in February, 1923, Senator William King, of Utah, said: "The cost to date of this experiment (in the Philippines), in what some dominate imperialism and others colonialism, has been stupendous. In 1902 Senator Hoar declared that it had cost this country $1,000,000,000. I am advised by the Bureau of Insular Affairs that, according to the figures in that office, the United States has expended nearly $700,000,000 in connection with the Philippines Islands. The bill before us (the Army Appropriation Bill) carries large sums to be expended in the Philippines in the next fiscal year; and of course, if we retain possession, there will be millions annually required which must be met by taxing the American people."

Before writing the article for THE FORUM, I put this question to the Insular Bureau. If you have space for the statement from that Bureau I will include its main points herein:

The Secretary of War, under date of June 19, 1902, reported the expenditures for the War Department on account of the Philippine Islands from May 1, 1898 to that date, to be $170,000,000.11. During the same period, (covering practically the insurrectionary period in the Islands), the expenditures of the Navy Department have been estimated to be $17,150,000.

In 1915 there was prepared a statement based on figures furnished by each bureau or department expending money in the Philippines showing the cost of the Islands to the United States for the twelve years from 1903 to 1914, inclusive. This statement is based on the assumption that if the army and navy in and about the Philippines had not been so employed they would have been employed in the United States. The average annual cost, on this basis during this period was $12,164,507.68. In other words this represents the extra annual expense incurred by the United States during this period on account of its possession of the Philippines. If it be desired to estimate the cost on the assumption that the army and navy of the United States were to be decreased by the forces employed in the Philippines, the total annual cost would have been $23,565,813.51.

It should be understood that the statement was based on the reports of each bureau or department expending money in the Philippines, and that therefore, the statement is subject to such errors as would creep in due to the fact that different persons would differ as to what items should be chargeable to expenses in the Philippine Islands.

Checking up army and navy appropriations for the decade preceding our taking over the Islands and the two decades since, justifies the assumption that both services have been increased to meet the additional obligations placed upon them by these holdings.

It must be noted also that this estimate

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brings us only to the year 1914. Costs of all kinds,—labor, maintenance, living,—have more than doubled in nearly all parts of the world since that time. Also, the Philippine Scouts, a most efficient body, have been enlarged and trained as are the regular troops of the United States Army, and their officers are educated at West Point. These, and some other considerations of personal knowledge, led me to the use of the word "over," instead of Senator King's "nearly," in placing the figure at the round sum of $700,000,000.

And just a word in reply to the suggestion made by one of your readers that the present situation was brought about to make political capital for General Wood. Without entering upon the question of General Wood's qualifications for the high position for which he was a candidate, it is certain that he laid such aspirations as he may have had for that office, one and all, on the altar of his country's service in December, 1922, when he announced that he would remain in the Islands to carry out the policy he believed essential to the meeting of the high obligation America had assumed toward a backward people. Nowhere in our history have we a finer example of self-abnegation and sacrifice. At that time the sky was apparently clear. Anything of discord which might later have arisen could easily have been laid at the door of his successor's administration, and General Wood could have come home to accept a position which meant far more financial gain than the one he then held, and, covered with laurels and honors, he could have entered the lists now opening for 1924. But he knew that the difficulty was coming, in some form, and, like the true soldier that he is, he stayed at the post of duty. Those of us who have lived out there, and know something of the conditions, agree, I believe almost without dissent, and without reference to party, with the verdict of Judge Malcome (of Manila), that General Wood is of all the men in the public service of the United States today best fitted for the position which he now holds. He has held high the standard of American trust and American honor.

The present situation is but the reaping of the harvest sown by party politics. Lord Cromer gave us a word of warning when he said to Ex-Governor General Cameron Forbes: "You are foredoomed to failure in colonial administration when you place colonial interests at the mercy of changing political parties at home."

CECILIA FARWELL.

New York City.

Proceed More Slowly

One reader of Mrs. Farwell's article in the November number believes that a nation's rate of progress like that of an army, must be determined by the ability of the slower rather than the more rapid members. We have space only for extracts from a long and interesting letter.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I believe that anyone who knows the Filipino tao as he is found outside the large cities, who has talked with him about conditions in his little settlements and in the Islands as a whole, will agree with me that the difficulty in the Philippines is that we have gone too rapidly along the road that leads the Filipino to self-government. The first mistake, or at least an early one, was made when the Philippine Assembly was established years before the people were prepared for it. And each succeeding step superimposed upon that mistake has added to the error, in that it has delivered into the hands of the Illustrados the destiny of his unprepared, unthinking tao brother.

Mrs. Farwell says that the Filipinos have failed in the work that has already been entrusted to them, but instead of recommending that we pause here and allow the Filipino people to catch up with the government they now have, she recommends a still further step, and one which would be disastrous, to my mind, in that it would destroy whatever good has so far been accomplished. Her proposal is to give the people of the Philippines an elective governor who shall be charged with the administration of law, and that we establish a sort of High Commissioner who shall have the power of veto as to acts of the legislature and in certain other respects, but who shall have no authority to step in and correct the evils that would as certainly follow the step she proposes we shall take, as evils have followed the steps previously taken by Governor Gen-

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eral Harrison and his predecessors. To a people who have not successfully managed one talent she would entrust the management of two.

Whether or not this proposal will solve the problem depends upon what we perceive the problem to be. Are we concerned merely with stopping the clamor of the politician, or are we concerned with the development and training of the real Filipino people? If the former, Mrs. Farwell's plan may meet the need; if the latter, it certainly will not.

GILBERT L. HALL.

Washington, D. C.

Does Coeducation Work?

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a graduate of a coeducational university I should like to express my disagreement with Miss Dunbar's contention regarding the dominant male in all coeducational institutions. I have attended three different coeducational schools and taught in three, and I have found nothing like the inferiority of women that Miss Dunbar describes. Women are class presidents, presidents and leaders of literary societies, dramatic clubs, student councils and other extra-curriculum organizations. Women students in coeducational colleges dress, in the main, very like the students in colleges for women. They do not sit passively on the front seats in classrooms but hold their own, generally speaking, with men students in discussion, and surpass them in the matter of grades. They are less given to bluffing and more devoted to hard work.

It may be regretted that women do not play football, but a good many earnest educators believe that emphasis should be removed from this spectacular game rather than be augmented by more feminine attention and participation. Hockey, basket-ball, tennis, and other sports are popular with coeds, and their exercise is rarely limited to "an occasional stroll." There are also a goodly number of intelligent and capable woman instructors. The male faculty is no longer the rule in the really representative coeducational college. Dr. Peixotto, who holds a professorship in the University of California, is a good example of the progress women are making as university teachers. And what if, in spite of all this, we must admit that women still hold somewhat less prominence in universities than men do? No one can contend that women have yet overcome male dominance in business and politics and the professions, but they are not quitting these fields for that reason.

When so much has been gained in coeducational schools, it only points to further possibilities of development. The women in colleges are just about as prominent proportionately as the girls in grammar schools and high schools. When feminine leadership has not achieved equality anywhere else in human society, Miss Dunbar is surely asking the unreasonable in her demand that it bloom forth with perfection in such a comparatively new institution as coeducation. There are needed reforms, no one doubts. But when one recalls that women who were hissed and boycotted in the first coeducational schools of this country have lived to see other women on the faculties and serving as presidents of literary societies, students councils, and class organizations in those same institutions, it seems that there has been no small gain. And Miss Dunbar admits that she favors coeducation, that she is merely contending that it doesn't work. But it can hardly be expected to work most satisfactorily if women continue to "favor" coeducation but attend and advocate the separate college for women.

ROSE HENDERSON

New York City.

A Letter From a Klansman

Some weeks ago THE FORUM was challenged by a citizen of Maine regarding its attitude toward the Ku Klux Klan. The editor replied that, although his ancestors came to this country from England before 1650, and he was naturally sympathetic to some of the principles of the organization, he felt that a dictatorial method, whether employed by one man or a group, was fundamentally wrong. Responding to our invitation, this correspondent sent us the following communication:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your letter at hand and here is my answer. You say "I would like to see a good article about the Klan. Perhaps you

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can send us one." I do not know how you mean this but from here it sounds sarcastic. It sounds as though you are one of those numerous individuals whose mind is set against the Klan before the defense can start. One of those who knowing only that which appears in the yellow journals, swallows it whole. If you are one of these you will never in your narrow mindedness see a good article in defense of the Klan. Perhaps you did not mean to give me this impression and if not I am sorry to have interpreted your letter in this fashion.

You will agree, I think, that the only way to know a thing in its true light, especially when it is the object of so much criticism, is to know it from the inside. Also that to arrive at a fair conclusion one must hear both sides. You know as well as I that articles in favor of the Klan are as scarce as the proverbial "hen's teeth." Why? Because our press is in the hands of those who oppose the Klan. And because papers and magazines are afraid that such articles would mean the loss of Catholic and Jewish trade. They do not fear the loss of Protestant trade because Protestants are liberal-minded. Protestants realize that there are two sides to every question and do not use the boycott at every little thing that is not in their favor. Not so the Catholics. The priests tell them what they can read and see. Hugo's "Notre Dame" both in book form and picture form is proof of that statement.

Masonry is considered the finest body of its kind in the world. Is it not strange that the enemies of the Klan today were the enemies of Masonry in the days gone by? And does not that same ill feeling exist today? The reason is simply that they do not want Protestants to become organized. An organized Protestant, militant body means that their plans for control of this country will be crushed. If they are above board, if they believe in law and order, in peace and Americanism, what are they afraid of?

You say "I feel that the dictatorial method . . . is fundamentally wrong. "The Klan is no more dictatorial than the Democratic or Republican parties. Whichever is in power rules according to their idea of what is best and is wanted. Because the Klan has different ideas of what is best is no reason for saying it is dictatorial. Perhaps Tammany Hall is your idea of clean politics, equal rights, fair play, and Americanism,—Tammany Hall that has reduced graft and the winning of elections favorable to themselves only, to a science. Rotten with corruption, foul with graft, and a blot on American history, that's Tammany Hall. And that's what the Klan is fighting. Call it dictatorial if you will, but there are times when men have to be forced to do those things which are best for themselves and mankind.

You say further on that "all my ancestors came to this country before 1650." If this means that they came here as Protestants to escape persecution, and you do not stand behind an organization that is fighting the same evil they fought, then they must feel ashamed of you as they look down upon you.

Here in Portland at our last election the Catholics threw eggs at one of our state senators, changed a ballot box in the afternoon, started a fight at a polling place and kept some people from voting. That is the element that some professed Americans are standing up for. That is the gang that has had control of politics across our country and the fair-minded way in which they conduct themselves. They were licked and they knew it. All the world loves a winner, but a good loser wins the cake every time. They lost hard here and then, but they have many more losses ahead of them.

In the City Hall here they held an anti-Klan meeting with about three thousand present. They tried to sing "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner," and not half of them knew the words to do it. Twenty-five voices could have made as much music as those three thousand make-believe Americans.

Every time the Klan wants the City Hall, the opposition runs to the mayor with a protest. That is a sample of their kind of fair-mindedness. It is all right for them to have the hall to talk against the Klan, but for the Klan to have it and talk against them is a terrible crime. And Protestants outnumber them many times. More Protestant money went into building the City Hall, yet they should not have the right to use it. Americanism you can call it or anything else, but re-

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gardless of what it is called, they don't get away with it.

I dare say, Mr. Editor, that you have never heard a lecture by a Klan speaker. Well you have missed a great deal. Nor do I believe that living in New York, you ever saw one hundred American born, Protestant white men in a group with not a single alien among them. Again you have missed one of the finest sights God ever granted to the eyes of man.

The time will come, however, before many years when you will see such a sight right in New York. New York is one of the toughest places the Klan has to get started in, but it will make the grade never fear. And when the time comes to pass you will hear the English language spoken on all the streets; you will see papers printed in English and not forty foreign tongues; you will see a real man in the mayor's office and a hundred and one other wonderful things take place.

HAROLD L. CAIL.

Portland, Maine.

Tickets for Immigrants

Editor of THE FORUM:

Recent articles on immigration in THE FORUM suggest a thought on the quota system. A newspaper clipping before me has this heading to one article: "British quota full, 1,367 on *Leviathan* may be sent back. Biggest American liner liable for $400,000 in fines for bringing in excess. Surplus immigrants whom the law forbids to land now number nearly 4,000." We read of families leaving Europe, after making heroic sacrifices to come, and, with high hopes in their hearts, turned back; families separated, one admitted the others barred; steamboats rushing at top speed to get here before the last second of the month; immigrants with the door slammed in their faces, because they are a few minutes by the clock beyond that month's quota.

This is a national disgrace, the triumph of red-tape and gross mismanagement. These immigrants are not denied admission on the ground of unfitness but merely because the toll-gate at Ellis Island is connected with a time-clock and automatically closes, notwithstanding the injustice.

We can seat thirty thousand people at a baseball game and each one knows he is sure of entrance if he has bought a numbered seat in advance. We can engage seats weeks ahead in our theatres, and if for any reason we find we cannot attend we can exchange our ticket for a later date, or secure a refund of the purchase price on surrendering our ticket. Why cannot a similar method be worked out in handling immigrants?

To each nation, numbered tickets for its monthly quota could be made out and sent to some central office in each country, —perhaps the American Minister's office, —and thence distributed to all our consular and similar representatives and reports of distribution constantly made to the central office. Special unexpected call on one point of departure as an extra pressure would lessen tickets at some other place. The immigrant could fill out a tentative blank of needed information, stating the time of sailing of steamer, etc. The questionnaire might be so complete that a carbon copy sent here would facilitate examination at Ellis Island. The complete examination might be made on the other side, so as to make the details here merely incidental to changes in health since the original issuance of the ticket. Inability to sail on a given date would mean surrender of the ticket and the issuance of a new one for the next month's quota.

Some such plan as this would assure the immigrant of admission if he were fit on all other grounds. It would take the lottery element out of immigration and put the whole matter on a simple, sane basis until we have devised some system more satisfactory than the present quota system.

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Bryan's Sure Hand

The discussion precipitated by William Jennings Bryan six months ago shows no signs of dying down. The following passages from a subscriber's letter express the reaction of many of the correspondents:

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is safe to predict great things for the magazine when it has such a forceful

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editor behind it. The December number is full of good things; but the July number will always be memorable because of Mr. Bryan's article and the discussion which it aroused. . . . Mr. Bryan's article was like a sure hand at the helm guiding one back in safety to some calm, familiar bay.

Yet I cannot agree with Mr. Bryan in all points; and I can never be grateful enough to my mother who taught me that it was not necessary to think of the world as being created in six days of twenty-four hours each,—that I was to remember "that a thousand years in the Lord's sight was as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." Also that the Pentateuch was a record of patriarchal civilization *transmitted by tradition*, previous to time of Moses and written down by him under divine inspiration, and these five books were therefore in a different class from the historical books.

I think a good deal of the indifference with which the Bible is viewed today comes from careless teaching. Yet the world is moving on, and we must interpret it from the age in which we live.

STELLA E. RIIS.

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Bed Rock Fundamentalism

Editor of THE FORUM:

In William Jennings Bryan's article in THE FORUM recently he made use of words signifying that he could not conceive of any other possible "Standard" or Supreme Authority than that of the Bible as literally and infallibly inspired.

God is a Spirit experienceable by us in Truth and in Right and in Love, experienceable in all our spiritual ideals which are the many forms of the Truth which is the Spirit who is God in our feelings, thoughts, and choices of rightness. This Spirit is the "God in whom we live and move and have our being,"—to the extent or the height to which we do merely live, or have "life abundant."

And because a conscious or subconscious idea necessarily precedes every attempted human action, and the only possibility of the success of any attempted action depends absolutely upon the truth;—or correspondence with the nature of things which is the will of God,— of the action-preceding idea; therefore is it that *the most fundamental, the most practically serviceable experience of mankind* is our experience of the "Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," the *true idea* that unquestionably does come in response to *honest, unprejudiced, unselfish, conscientious thought*, the kind of thought which is the most real and efficient, although not "street corner" or synagogue," form of prayer.

We may well believe that in the thought and action alike of the earliest Cave Dweller and in that of Mr. Bryan and President Coolidge, Moses, Isaiah, Napoleon, Edison, Haekel, the man on the street and in the pew and the pulpit, or the woman in the home,—the most practically serviceable and valuable experience of each has been this *elemental fact of consciousness*, their experience of Truth, the Word of God, the "Word" which in a most real sense to us is God, the Truth which is not confined to any book or church, and which is our guide, and acceptance of which is our common sense, our sanity, our science, and the Christianity of Christ,—invisible, intangible, spiritual, and not completely definable though it be, for the very good reason that Truth is the infinite spirit manifesting Himself to us NOW, as at all times, in the most serviceable guiding, whilst not compelling way.

As regards "Standards," and "The Supreme Authority," we should be profoundly thankful for and make legitimate use of the best available speech and writing of the present and the past, as possible servants of God and helps to, but never as a substitute for, our own unshirkable responsibility of that personal private reverent original thought, which is partaking of "The King's Feast" and "reasoning together with God" and getting His thought, hearing His "Word" in the answering true ideas that come to us thus about what we think or hear or read.

The possibility,—and actuality for all who are anxious and willing to know and do the Will of God,—of hearing and knowing the ever being spoken Word which is God can well be understood to be "Bed Rock Fundamentalism."

ISAAC HENDERSON.

Vancouver, B. C.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher.*

The Sphinx's Smile

Good wine needs no bush. A volume of "tales of imagination" needs no preface, certainly not two. Yet two are accorded to Robert Nichols' FANTASTICA (Macmillan, $2.50), a long one by the author and a perfunctory one by John Masefield. As though that were not enough, there are numerous prefatory quotations, dedications, a letter to "the servants of imaginative literature," and finally an explanatory epilogue. Truly no bush, but a flourishing grove!

The effect of all this is to arouse in the humanly perverse critic a legion of captious demons. Who wants to be buttonholed and made to listen to a young poet's theories of art and life, to hear what he has tried to symbolize in his parables, how he felt when writing them, how other poets and soothsayers fall short of their duty to truth? I, for one, do not. If I can't find out from the parables themselves, then so much the worse for me, and the author.

In short, by taking his art in such deadly earnest and implying that I must also take it in deadly earnest, Mr. Nichols goads me into making light of it. He has marred my artistic enjoyment of the three tales that make up his volume and rendered me deaf to his "social and political aim" (what, by the way, is that ponderous supercargo doing in his *galère* of "creative art?"). Thanks to his ever-so-slightly patronizing attitude I peruse him with narrowed eyes, ungraciously pounce upon certain elaborate tricks of style, and label them affectations. But for him, I might have been inclined to say: "The man is sincere, and an artist to boot." As it is I impatiently substitute: "He doesn't write as well as he thinks he does." As for his theory of art,—the "skeleton" of which he credits to "a psychologist,"—that beauty is not something inherent in an object but is "a name for the subjective state of the person who apprehends the object,"—is that as new and "daring" as he seems to imply on page nine? How many centuries ago was it casually remarked that "beauty is an experience of the soul?"

Of the three parables, *The Smile of the Sphinx* is the best, judged by any of the accepted aesthetic standards. It is unquestionably well done, even though a subtler artist would have done it more simply. *Sir Perseus and Andromeda* is meant to be playful. I find its particular blend of archaism and colloquialism none too felicitous. *Golgotha & Co.*, set in the future, after the next world war, tells of a great revival of religion engineered by the billionaires to prevent a threatened revolt

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of the proletariat. One critic, quoted on the jacket, describes it as "a biting satire." But you can't bite well if your month is too full. Here the writer's weighty purpose sinks the ship. After a few pages of it I turned to the epilogue. There I found this: "Brave, detestable, nationalistic Fascisti, standing for all I abominate save courage, you are now in Rome! . . . with all your hateful imperialism I adore you. You have lived up to your myth."

Mr. Nichols hasn't,—or, to do him justice, he has lived up to his myth far too literally. He says he has absolutely no doubt "what art is" and "how it works" and "what its function is." Voltaire never said as much; Anatole France has never said it. They knew something far more significant, something that Mr. Nichols, for all his prefaces, has yet to learn,—namely, the real secret of the sphinx's smile.

E. S. COWPERTHWAITE.

Montreal, Que.

Untangling Tennyson

Were you brought up on the complete works of Alfred Lord Tennyson? Were they poetry to you and romance and morality through your tender years? Then did you learn to scorn them with a twentieth century scorn, to mock at those lines you had once held sacred, to check the rising quotation? Have you surreptitiously erased from your fat red volume the underlinings of

" . . . a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper,"

and yet felt convinced, though you didn't dare to own it, that:

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,"

and

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,"

must be poetry in any day and generation? Read, oh, read quickly Harold Nicolson's TENNYSON. (Houghton, Mifflin, $4.00.)

For Harold Nicolson has performed a real service: he has untangled Tennyson the great lyric poet from Tennyson the laureate and idol of Victorian England; he has justified our groping suspicions; he has clarified our confusion, and explained its causes. I do not mean that his picture of Tennyson is final; I do not think it is. There are certain inconsistencies between the uncouth lad with the gypsy strain in his blood, and the old man who was so thoroughly in accord with Queen Victoria, which are not wholly accounted for by Mr. Nicolson's interesting theory of pressure of environment. Certainly, however, this is a far truer portrait than has yet been drawn. It is convincing because one wants to be thus convinced; here is a man and a poet, it is worth one's while to know them both.

MARGARET L. FARRAND.

Northampton, Mass.

The Rover

A fine sense of proportion, a sustained feeling for dramatic movement are but two of Joseph Conrad's technical assets,—gifts, might almost be the word, for proportion and movement, with him, seem almost instinctive. In THE ROVER (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) he again exhibits his sense of proportion and movement, but in a form less complicated than in some of his earlier yarns. Peyrol, the rover, disembarks from his prize ship at the port of Toulon (having lived out all but one adventure), and retires to pass the remainder of his days in a tiny village on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the final adventure overtakes him. Singular in plot, uncomplicated in characterization, the story is saved from the imputation of superficiality by the directness with which it moves, with one strong sweep, from start to finish. The five characters who, so to speak, help Peyrol live out his remaining years, enhance the chief theme but in no way confuse it. Peyrol is first and last the character who enlists our sympathy and wins our admiration.

Of the five characters, Vincent Réal possesses the least individuality, which is rather a surprise in the light of Mr. Conrad's uniform success in creating men. The two women, Arlette and Catherine, like so many of Mr. Conrad's women, whether good or bad, attain at times to almost classic dignity. One puts down the book, however, with the feeling that one has watched a series of romantic events,

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rather than lived through them. Whether the feeling comes from the fact that when one meets Peyrol he has already turned his back on life, is somewhat in doubt. But that in his last adventure he superbly justifies his past strength makes one ask if perhaps the tale was not so told that the significance of the last hours of Peyrol's life might lose no atom of their beauty. But whether one feels as an onlooker or a participator in the story, one unhesitatingly admits its sustained charm.

O. T. BAKER.

New York City.

The Art of the Movies

You may be one of those who tolerate the bad taste displayed in the average film-play yet still object to the "movies" without knowing why. If you wish to know, read PICTORIAL BEAUTY ON THE SCREEN by Victor O. Freeburg (Macmillan, $2.50), which offers wise and constructive suggestions for the technical improvement of film productions,—suggestions which should not only stimulate directors, but also accentuate your own critical appreciation. Dr. Freeburg, with the aid of well-chosen photographs, explains how the principles that underlie good painting may be applied in a motion picture. After reading the book one has a new conception of the value of emphasis, rhythm composition, repose, and one begins to understand what makes a good film good and a bad film bad.

Books of this sort are too often slovenly or stereotyped in style, and dogmatic in tone. What a pleasant exception is the present volume! Here is a sample, chosen at random. The author is speaking of a film version of *Sherlock Holmes* played by John Barrymore, who enters upon the scene leading a beautifully spotted but irrelevant cow: "This inscrutable cow gets the spotlight while the great Sherlock is neglected. Here was really the most pictorial scene of the whole photoplay, and the annoying thing was that the cow never again showed hoof or horn. Why was she let in? No suspicion of murder, theft, or other deviltry was ever cast upon her. She neither shielded nor shamed anyone. She did not help to solve any problem. There was no further allusion to cattle, dairies, or cheese. There was not even a glass of milk in the rest of the play. Perhaps the director did not know, or had forgotten, that the whitest patch in a picture attracts the eye . . . and that a humble cow emphasized by cinematographic means makes more of a hit than the most highly paid actor dozing in the shade." Which, I submit, is not at all bad reading, for a book that is primarily instructive.

HILDA BRUNDAGE.

New York City.

Freudian Detective Fiction

The really absorbing mystery to be found in Mr. Ben Hecht's latest book is not nearly so much, "who murdered Victor Ballau?" as "Why did Ben Hecht care who murdered him?" (THE FLORENTINE DAGGER, Boni and Liveright, $2.00). Ben Hecht, arch foe of the Bourgeoisie; arch high priest of "*L'art pour l'art, and damn the censors*"; Ben Hecht has apparently consented to keep his literary pot boiling by the addition of ingredients designed especially to tempt the palate of his especial *bête noire*, the tired business man. For *hors d'oeuvre* he has served up the sudden and inexplicable death of Victor Ballau; for *entrée* he has concocted the elaborate suspicions which soon threaten to envelop the beautiful daughter of the murdered man; and for *pièce de rêsistance* he has wisely relied upon the laudable efforts of her lover, Prince Julian de Medici, to clear her name. Surely a menu for the masses,—their accustomed food, but with exotic trimmings!

One sees it all, the whole meteoric descent into the realm of "mere mystery fiction," in the stylistic difficulties which the author experiences while trying to speak with his tongue in his cheek. From what the scholarly would call internal evidence, I venture to do a little literary sleuthing on my own account; I venture to reconstruct for the benefit of the curious the circumstances of that Hechtic night during which *The Florentine Dagger* was committed—to paper.

It is a dark and stormy night. The wind, and possibly the wolf, howls at the door behind which is ensconced Mr. Hecht, amid whatever exoticisms serve him for household gods. A copy of that charming mixture of lurid fact and fiction, The

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Hearst Newspapers' Sunday magazine, has just fallen from the Hechtic hand. The Hechtic eye has just been revolted by a feature story concerning Mlle. Lucrezia Bori, hailed recently by the Hearst papers as, "Innocent as a lamb, yet with the dark secrets of the Borgia in her blood,"—or words to that effect. The face of Ben Hecht becomes contorted with a consuming passion. The howling at the door! The terrific hysteria excited in a man like Hecht by the Hearst-Lucrezia Bori incident! All these things unseat his high insistence upon *l'art pour l'art.* Dual personality,—the Freudian splitting of the mind into compartments,—is induced by the strain; and Mr. Ben Hecht's *alter ego* seizes his pen and writes a would-be "best seller."

Naturally the hero is Prince Julian de Medici of Broadway,—what other mediaeval family, the Borgia excepted, is so well known to the readers of Mr. Hearst's admirable Sunday magazine? Naturally exoticism is laid on with a trowel,—Ben Hecht, even as an *alter ego*, can never quite escape from that. And naturally too, the whole story is about to degenerate into a solemn farce, until it plunges into the realm of abnormal psychology. There Ben Hecht is in his element, at last. Whatever may be said about the irreverence of the "Chicago Moderns" for the Christian Deity, they worship at the shrines of Freud and Jung assiduously enough. And curiously,—or rather very naturally,—when Ben Hecht ceases to pander directly to the crowd, when he flies home to his native complexes and obsessions, the whole tone of *The Florentine Dagger* is heightened and improved a thousandfold.

Indeed it is to this late flowering of sincerity that I believe the book will owe most of its success. Once in his belated stride, Mr. Hecht is not only sincere but in a sense original. Original, that is, because no careful student of abnormal psychology has as yet diluted the more ghastly pages of Messrs. Freud and Jung with just the right dash of hokum to satisfy the public. For example, the man in the street would be revolted if Dr. Freud should present to him the case of X——, an inmate of an insane asylum, whose mind is in such a state that he does not know whether he attempted to kill himself one night, or whether someone attempted to murder him. Horrible! Yes. But rename the unfortunate X——. Call him Prince Julian de Medici; cause his madness to arise out of " the dark secrets . . . in his blood"; envelope the whole mystery in an air of bogus mediaeval-modernism,—and presto ! you have found a new way to tickle the palates of those who love detective fiction.

That, by the way, is about all Mr. Hecht has done. You will probably be diverted by his baffling mystery,—and a very fair specimen it is. But you will be far more diverted by Ben Hecht,—that is if you are either a student or a lover of that evanescent thing called style.

LAIRD SHIELDS GOLDSBOROUGH.

New Haven, Conn.

The High Place

"*He that is low need fear no fall.*" If only there had been somebody to whisper that to Eve; or,—to be modern,—if monkeys had only received that sensible advice before they started to evolve into men; or even if man had learned it before he decided to become civilized and conceived high longings and terrible nostalgias and ideals that he never could live up to! If Florian had imbibed that simple precept instead of the fairy tales of old Monsieur Perrault and the beautiful stories about his daring ancestors, then Mr. Cabell wouldn't have had to write this charming, beautiful, sad, sad tale of disillusionment. (THE HIGH PLACE, James Branch Cabell, McBride, $2.50).

Florian, of Poictesme, lives a comparatively happy life with five wives (in succession, of course), numerous peccadilloes of a pleasant and perverse nature, and various adventures of an heroic nature and otherwise, so long as he has his patron saint, Hoprig, for a model of virtue and holiness and the incomparable Princess Melior as an ideal of beauty. But when a man is foolish enough to marry his ideal and become intimate with his patron saint, what can you expect! If you wish, you can read the human race into Florian's shoes and have a whimsical-sad, philosophical story of its pilgrimage from enchantment to disenchantment. There is a wise enough moral in it, too, for those

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who like morals,—and better still, no moral for those who don't!

This book seems to me the most rounded, finished, and philosophically sound of all Mr. Cabell's works. It is a perfect fairy tale with the spice of irony and the sauce of whimsical allusion added. It contains bits of subtle, but none the less pointed criticism of a few of man's follies. For instance:

"The hatred men feel for every ravening monster that wears fangs and scales . . . is due to its apparel being not quite the sort of thing to which men are accustomed: whereas people were wholly used to having soldiers and prelates and statesmen ramping about in droves, and so viewed these without any particular disapproval. All that was needed, then, was to extend to the bleps and the strycophanes a little of the confidence and admiration which men everywhere else accorded to the destroyers of mankind; and you would soon see that these glittering creatures . . . were a great deal nicer to look at than the most courted and run-after people, and much less apt to destroy anybody outside of their meal hours."

The prose is as musical and sly as ever, with all sorts of charming tid-bits by way of reward for the quick-witted and sophisticated reader.

As an antidote to the amiable but unambitious proverb at the beginning of this review, and in deference to Mr. Cabell, permit me to add that the agonies of disillusionment are frequently the growing pains of Truth.

ELSA GIDLOW.

New York City.

Castle Conquer

A young American literary critic has recently made reference to the "tedious Gaelicisms" of Padraic Colum's prose. This is indeed a significant phrase, weighted as it is with the fact that its author's sympathy is not atune with the racial genre of another literature. The story of CASTLE CONQUER (Macmillan, $2.00), while told in English, is spoken in as strange a tongue as the notes and stops of the Londonderry Air. And its appeal should be as human and universal. To be sure, *Castle Conquer* does not move with the dashing pageantry of an *Ashes of Vengeance*, nor can its psychology compare as "strong stuff" with that of a *Beautiful and Damned.* Its diction lacks the punch of *Flaming Youth.* It rather searches the recesses of the heart like the low-voiced fatalism of a *Maria Chapdelaine.* There is nothing of the grand manner in its story or its style. It cannot be said in any way whatsoever to "thrill." Its atmosphere is the hazy sunlight of an Irish landscape. Its plot has the sustained wistfulness of Irish peasant life of the 60's and 70's which it limns with sure and living outline. Its style is the lyricism of the violin, muted for the most part, swelling at times into passages of quivering power, but never under any circumstances rending the strings with surcharge of emotion.

Castle Conquer is the love story of the parents of a young officer of the Irish Republican Army, Francis Gillick and Brighid Moynah. Because of his activity in the struggle to rid Ireland of the oppression of Landlordism, Francis is accused of the murder of a British agent. Brighid saves him with testimony that impugns far and wide her woman's honor. The story is simply told, so simply, in fact, as almost to belie the depth and dignity of its significance. Its scholarly background is rich in native atmosphere and authentic social, economic, and historical detail. Pulsating with steady beat through the story you feel the Irish passion for land, that is as far removed from mercenary greed for possession as is Irish love of beauty. You feel the loftiness of the lowly routine of peasant life, the poignant heart-break of the emigration of the sons to America, the noble discontent with petty tyranny, the racial dignity that rises above the sordidness of injustice and poverty, the imaginativeness and mysticism of the Gaelic soul.

The language of the book is almost biblical in its simplicity. It is a worthy setting for the poetic speech of the Irish peasantry, with its quaintness of word and phrase, and its vivid spell of image and figure. *Castle Conquer* could not in any sense of the word be a popular book. It charms and heals as the quiet does that follows a burst of jazz.

A. C. FOX.

Rochester, N. Y.

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The Story of Mme. Curie

Familiar as we now are with the far-reaching consequences of the discovery of radium, it seems almost incredible that the nation which has recently been honoring the memory of Pasteur could have remained so indifferent, in a practical sense, to the research work of Pierre and Marie Curie over a period of twenty-five years, during which scientists of other countries were eagerly taking advantage of the revelations placed freely at their disposal. "I pray you to thank the Minister," wrote Pierre Curie twenty years ago to a friend who begged him to accept the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur, "and to inform him that I do not in the least feel the need of a decoration, but that I do feel the greatest need for a laboratory."

That modest wish was not fulfilled, and only through the aid of arduous lectureships and the Nobel award were these two scientists of genius enabled to conduct their difficult experiments and maintain an exceedingly simple household. Even today, when widespread experimentation with radioactive elements is made possible in America by our unrivaled system of special endowments, Madame Curie in Paris is still patiently working under severe handicaps, alleviated to some extent by the recent impulsive generosity of American women in presenting her with a gram of the precious metal whose presence in the universe she was the first to detect.

In PIERRE CURIE (Macmillan, $2.25) she tells in simple,— almost bare,—language, the story of her husband's life, of the dreams and struggles and successes they shared, and of her work since his untimely death in 1906. An arresting account of her activities during the war is included. In those years the retiring woman who had always shunned publicity became the efficient executive, driving her own radiologic car into the battle areas and, with the aid of her daughter, installing radiologic apparatus in two hundred hospital bases in the zones of the French and Belgian armies.

The whole book, written only upon the urgent insistence of friends, reveals a nobility and an unspectacular denial of self that are inspiring and salutary. The spirit shown by Pierre and Marie Curie,— and, be it added, by younger servants of science like Banting and Best,— in foregoing patent privileges and commercial rewards for the discovery of truths which all the world is seeking, is one of the best guarantees we have of the continuity and the advance of civilization.

K. R. JAEGER.

New York City.

A Guide for the Greedy

At last a modern champion has appeared for gluttony. True, Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, under the title of *The Feasts of Autolycus*, broke the ground for that excellent championship twenty-seven years ago, but that was before most of our present-day litterateurs were born, and it is fitting that they should glut their ears with the charming Epicureanism of A GUIDE FOR THE GREEDY (Lippincott, $2.00). For after all, though Mrs. Pennell writes a very paean on the virtues of the glutton, and deplores the lack of a real zest for eating in her own sex, it is not really gluttony she means, but the nicest palate, the rarest discrimination, the most exquisite flavor. She is as far as possible from Rossetti's request for "twelve eggs, eight of which must be good."

Mrs. Pennell writes rapturously of the mushroom, "large and black and fresh from the market"; she paints the glories of the tomato; the goose is to her an "archangelic bird;" and the humble radish at last receives its due in positively lyric praise: "the tiny, round radish, pulled in the early hours of the morning, still in its first virginal purity, tender, sweet, yet peppery, with all the piquancy of the young girl not quite a child, not yet a woman . . there is a separate joy in the low sound of teeth crunching in their crispness." Fresh rolls from Vienna, truffled French sausages, plover's eggs, caviare with cream, onion soup, partridges braised with mushrooms, strawberries with the hulls on, dipped in sugar and eaten with thanksgiving for sauce,— all these and many more Mrs. Pennell causes to appear and vanish before a hungry reader's eyes; and after such a feast, as she justly says, "if you still hanker for the roast beef and horse-radish of old

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England, then go and gorge yourself at the first convenient restaurant." She need not fear such a result; the end will be much more alarming, for after reading of such nectar and ambrosia even the most calloused reader will certainly resolve never to eat again unless Mrs. Pennell will come and cook for him.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

New York City.

A Bookseller's Secrets

If you believe that a bookstore is but an outgrowth of a stationer's shop, or just one of the minor "departments" of a department store; if you secretly contend that one goes into the business of selling books because he, or she, cannot make a success of anything else; if you think that nameless books can be sold to nameless customers, as shoes or bricks or other necessities,—you will be speedily disillusioned, with many a chuckle and sympathetic heart-throb in the bargain, by what Madge Jenison calls a human comedy of bookselling, (SUNWISE TURN, Dutton, $2.00).

Miss Jenison admits: "I cannot remember just when it began to seem to me that a bookshop of a different kind must be opened in America, and opened at once, and opened by me." The thought came to her suddenly, in an unguarded moment; an hour before she had as little thought of opening a coal mine. But the plan was not put into execution too hastily, not before its author had her campaign well mapped out, nor before she had spent many a day in search of the desired location and many an evening with paper, pencil, and two columns of tell-tale figures. If you admire initiative, originality, and courage in the teeth of discouragement, you will thrill at the reading of this tale, so human, so simple, and yet so challenging. And what is more, you will learn things about books and their potentialities that you may not have dreamed of before.

Miss Jenison will tell you of a conversation with James Branch Cabell, of how she tried to sell Thorstein Veblen a copy of one of his own books, what she thinks of Theodore Dreiser, how Mr. Knopf used to interrupt her lunch hour, and what kind of books to sell to a silk manufacturer. And if you read as far as page 150 (a certainty if you finish the first two paragraphs) she will confess that "nobody knows much about bookselling," attributing this weakness to the "impotence of the bookseller's imagination, feeling and brains in relation to his work."

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

From a Juvenile Critic

In our sarcastic heart we have long thought of the United States as a land of forward children and backward adults. Occasionally some cheerful mellow tone in the pronouncements of our elders or some tone of downright authoritativeness in the speech of our juniors obliges us to sheathe the cynicism of the verdict. Among the numerous responses to THE FORUM's standing invitation to readers to submit their own book reviews, no manuscript, however superior on special counts, has made a more direct assault upon the attention of the editors of this department than have the six following notices submitted by a critic of thirteen years of age. They are not models for men of forty; but many a man of forty can learn something from this young reviewer's instinct for brevity and appositeness:

The Happy Isles

Yay! Mr. Basil King is *not* as sentimental as usual in THE HAPPY ISLES (Harper's, $2.00). This novel tells the story of Tom Whitelaw's life, trials, and triumphs from the time he is kidnapped as a babe, until at the culmination of the book he is received by his wealthy parents; back once more into the Happy Isles. All this smacks of a very sentimental love story which it ain't (excuse our slang). But no, there is nothing of the sort; *The Happy Isles* is a very satisfactory book.

Dr. Nye

We have read almost every one of Joseph Lincoln's books and laughed aloud over most of them. But in DR. NYE (Appleton, $2.00) we were disappointed.

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Dr. Nye having served a term in prison comes back to his home town. The villagers are all against him with the exception of two or three old friends. There is a love story of course, very light and charming, in the manner of Romeo and Juliet. It is, taken as a whole, a very good book, but we think that it is not up to Joe Lincoln's standard. You might like it. It will probably turn out to be a best-seller.

A Mine With An Iron Door

What has happened? Look at the Bookman's monthly score. Mr. Harold Bell Wright has jumped from nowhere to second place in the list of best-sellers with his THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR (Appleton, $2.00). Perhaps if it were not for our favorite *Black Oxen* he would be in first place, but let's get down to facts.

The story has all the accessories needed for a popular western: a pure girl, a brave young man, a silent Indian, two old trappers, a lot of bad Mexicans, and last of all, the great open spaces where men are men. It's a very good novel though in spite of its being old stuff.

Mystery

Carolyn Wells has two books on the autumn lists. The first one SPOOKY HOLLOW (Lippincott, $2.00) is very good up to about page 100, but then it collapses and goes to pieces. The other, WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS (Doran) was bad, the only interesting character (for us) being the village idiot who holds the solution of the mystery.

J. S. Fletcher, our favorite writer of detective tales, has likewise two books on the shelves. In THE MARKENMORE MYSTERY (Knopf, $2.00) he seems to have almost outdone his self, it is very, very good. The other, RIPPLING RUBY (Putnam, $2.00) loses its charm when you know that "Ruby" is a race horse.

Gaspards of Pine Croft

Ralph Connor has staged a comeback into the literary world. And, we wish to say, quite unhappily for us. THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT (Doran $2.00) is quite a disappointment after reading a fine book like *The Happy Isles* to come across this. We skipped around in this novel looking for vulnerable places and, believe us, we found many. Here's a place:

"A young girl she was, fresh from her English school, the first fine bloom of her girlhood still upon her, the sweet purity of her soul unspoiled by the defiling touch of our modern society. . . ."

There is also an Indian and a good old "Colonel." Doran publishes this, with nothing to their credit.

Croatan

In Mary Johnston's latest, CROATAN (Little, Brown, $2.00), we go back to the early settlement of Virginia in 1587. Her hero and heroine are quite well drawn, but there is something the matter with this story. Perhaps it seemed a little drier than her other books, perhaps it was the description of the forest (it seemed endless to us), but we do not know.

We disagree with the blurb which says: "It has the rush of action characteristic of her earlier books." We only saw it two or three times. We suggest that Miss Johnston take a rest for at least a year and be herself again.

GOULD CASSAL (Age 13).

Sheepshead Bay,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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cating and tissue-destroying ideas. This is a subject with vast possibilities.

AMONG the leading American poets of our day there is probably none who has won and held a more constant following than EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. Other poets may offer more vertiginous fare, but in his work there has been an unfailing sincerity and continuity which appeals to the discriminating. Born in Maine, Mr. Robinson reflects an essentially American point of view.

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR takes a passionate interest in reinterpreting old Irish saga and tradition in modern English verse. He is perhaps the leading American exponent of the school of Yeats. Through his father Mr. O'Conor is descending from the O'Conors of Offaly; through his mother, from Sir Thomas Norreys, vice-president of Munster in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Years of midnight oil burned at Harvard, exploring the mysteries of the rich old Irish vocabulary and curious syntax with Professor Fred Robinson, have been followed by other years of free lyricism and choice volumes of original verse published by Lane. His last book *Battles and Enchantments*,—short stories retold from ancient Irish literature,—is published by Houghton Mifflin. At present Mr. O'Conor occupies a chair of English in Mt. Holyoke College.

Bolshevik troops on parade in Moscow

CALE YOUNG RICE has published over a score of volumes of verse, including several poetic dramas. He lives in Louisville, Kentucky.

THE experiment of throwing open to the public our book-reviewing department has met with great success. Lively reviews are pouring into the offices of THE FORUM from every section of the country, and it is difficult to make a selection. The invitation remains indefinitely open. Preference is given to short reviews which develop a single idea about a given book. It is our aim to present striking and readable impressions of the contents of a book, rather than literary "criticisms." The editors wish to state, however, that it is not always possible to return manuscripts of book reviews. Only typewritten manuscripts can be considered for publication.

THE symposium idea also seems to have come to stay. The response to our January debate has been overwhelming. Letters regarding the outlawry of war are still arriving,—many too late for use in our February symposium.

AS TO the future, and the articles on hand for publication in forth-coming issues, a word or two might be said. Glancing through these articles one is impressed, and depressed, by the number of things that are wrong with the world. Able scribes tell us that culture is in extremis; labor is selfish, capital ditto; we are run by demagogues; our lawmakers are knaves and fanatics; what we need is a Washington (Lincoln, Roosevelt). It is so easy to kick, and nobody will deny we need kicking, at least until some super-Montessori will arise and apply to politicians, dictators, Bolshevists, and captains of industry the moral suasion that works so well in the kindergarten. Meanwhile, for the benefit of readers whose minds and senses have become dulled, rather than stimulated, from an excess of castigation, we have provided a series of brief papers by writers who refuse to believe we're as wicked and as doomed as we are led to believe. These short articles will appear under the general head "Stop Kicking."

ON another page we announce our short story contest. All three judges are contributors to THE FORUM: Fannie Hurst is perhaps the most successful short story writer in America; William Lyon Phelps is perhaps the most popular professor of English literature; and John Erskine, of Columbia, is one of our sanest critics.

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ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt), author of "Tante" and "Adrienne Toner," whose new novel begins in this issue of THE FORUM

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